

The Private Life of Greta Garbo



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THE PRIVATE LIFE OF GRETA GARBO



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Two HOMES: The second house from the right in the lower picture is Blekingegaten 32, Stockholm, where Greta Garbo was born; the upper picture shows her former home at Beverly Hills.



Courtesy of Fred R. Morgan

COMPARE THESE TWO STUDIES of Greta Garbo. The one above was made during her first American rôle, in Ibañez's *The Torrent*.



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WHILE this one was taken during the production of a recent picture. Note the dyed black hair in the one on the left.



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THE GRETA GARBO of to-day:
Portrait of the greatest screen actress.

RILLA PAGE PALMBORG

The
Private Life
of
Greta Garbo

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THE PRIVATE LIFE OF GRETA GARBO

INTRODUCTION

NO PICTURE star in the world has aroused the curiosity about her private life that Greta Garbo has. No picture star in the world but Greta Garbo has been able to keep her private life so nearly a closed book.

The stories written about the great Swedish star tell almost nothing about the real Garbo as she is to-day. Very little is known about her childhood in Sweden.

"I was born. I had a father and mother. I lived in a house. I went to school. What does it matter?" she says in answer to questions about her early life.

During her romance with Jack Gilbert, Garbo did give a few interviews. But since Jack's marriage to Ina Claire she has flatly refused to

talk. The motion-picture magazines have been desperate to get stories about her. One magazine sent all the way to Sweden for a story of her life. Naturally the Swedish writer knew little about Garbo's life in Hollywood—the place where she made herself famous.

Not long ago a well known newspaper writer, whose column appears in the leading newspapers all over the world, walked over on Garbo's set out at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. The Swedish star stopped work until a screen had been set up completely shutting off all view. On the screen was hung this sign, "KEEP OUT. THIS MEANS YOU."

This particular writer is the lady who informs the world what Hollywood is doing. Stars count themselves lucky when she visits their sets. The most desirable bits of information are laid in her lap.

Garbo will not allow even the officials of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to see her at work. The other day one of them invited some of his distinguished friends over to watch his famous star.

"We can't keep these people standing outside," wailed the guide when Garbo refused to allow them behind the screen. "All right. Let them come in," Garbo replied, "and I will go home."

It makes no difference who it is, Garbo will permit no one on the set when she is in action except those actually engaged in the making of the picture. Wooden screens completely surround the set of a Garbo picture. A police officer guards the entrance.

Only a star as popular as Garbo could get away with such methods. Only the cleverest and sharpest management could keep secret this star's life away from the studio.

The screen players themselves, even those who work on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot, are as curious about Garbo as the rest of the world. Heads pop out of dressing-room doors when she goes to and from the stage where she is working. Electricians and carpenters stop work when she walks on the set. Stars stand aside to catch a glimpse of her when her car drives through the studio gates.

She is seldom seen in public. She is never one of the gorgeously gowned stars who attend the brilliant premières in the film capital. Radio listeners have never heard the announcer—who inevitably, each movie “first night,” stands at the theater entrance to introduce the stars as they alight in a blaze of klieg glory from their Rolls-Royces and Hispano Suizas—say, “Oh! Here comes that charming, glorious actress, Greta Garbo. As soon as she finishes autographing all the books that are being thrust into her hands she will come over to the microphone and tell all her friends ‘Hello.’ She is wearing a perfectly stunning creation in sky blue. You don’t know what you people out there are missing. Here she comes now. Miss Garbo, won’t you please say a few words to your friends of the air?”

These friends have never heard that deep, rich voice of Garbo’s call out, “Hello, everybody. This is a gorgeous opening. I wish you were all here. I must hurry in to see this *wonderful* show. Well, good-bye, everybody.”

“It’s all so silly,” says Greta. “I’d much rather be at home with a good book.”

No one ever sees Greta Garbo dining and dancing in the smart restaurants of Hollywood or sipping liquid refreshments in gay and fashionable night clubs. If Garbo were ever seen entering one of the smart, crowded Hollywood cafés during the lunch hour, there would be a riot.

The girls in the exclusive shops along the Boulevard never telephone Miss Garbo, "The darlinkest dress, just made for you, just came in this minute, and I am sending it out to you on approval."

These stylish clerks admit that they have never even seen Greta Garbo; that her telephone number is not entered in their little book of select customers.

She is a mystery even in her own home town. Only the Greta Garbo of the screen is known to Hollywood and the world. That glamorous, sensuous, exotic person whose strange personality holds her audiences spellbound.

And what a contradiction Greta Garbo is! The real Garbo and the femininely alluring Garbo of the screen are two distinct personalities.

This story will reveal the real Greta Garbo.

The poor little Greta Garbo in Sweden. The great Greta Garbo in Hollywood. Greta Garbo as her few intimate friends know her. Greta Garbo in her own home. A most amazing life of a great and most amazing person.

RILLA PAGE PALMBORG.

CHAPTER I

ON THE morning of September 18, 1905, there was hushed excitement in the humble apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Gustafsson at 32 Blekingegaten Street, Stockholm, Sweden. None of the other families in the five-story apartment building were greatly concerned with what was happening in the Gustafsson household. A new baby was not an unusual occurrence in that neighborhood. It was not until years later, when this little baby had become known all over the world as the great Greta Garbo, that these neighbors remembered to brag that they recalled the very day that little Greta was born.

Number 32 Blekingegaten Street is not a fashionable part of Stockholm. It is located across the river Malar, in a district known as

Southside. There are no green lawns with shaded trees in that neighborhood. The plain apartment buildings and dingy shops are built right up to the sidewalk. The playground of the children is the street and the back yard, where clothes lines are always stretched overhead or in one of the vacant lots near by.

When little Greta Gustafsson grew old enough to play with her brother Swen and sister Alva, she did not like to romp with the neighborhood children as they did. She much preferred to stay in the house by herself. When her mother sent her outdoors to play she would wander off in a corner by herself or slip away from the others down the street.

When she was old enough to go to school she was most unhappy. It wasn't the studying that she hated. It was being compelled to sit long hours before a desk. She dreaded the recesses even more. The few minutes she was compelled to play in a small yard with that howling mob of children were torture to her. The whole thing reminded her of a prison. She hated it all.

And she felt so out of place among these little

boys and girls, even though they were of her age. The other children often whispered about her because she was so tall. At twelve, Greta was as tall as she is to-day.

The only study that interested her was history. She liked to read about foreign lands. Then she could forget that she was sitting at her desk in the drab schoolroom. She could feel herself living with these strange people and visiting in their far-away countries.

When school was out, instead of hurrying home with her brother and sister, Greta would steal away by herself. There were several places where she loved to go. One of these places was the little bridge that jutted out from the rocks of Southside. She liked to stand on this bridge and look down on Stockholm as it lay spread out below. Looking over the city, she felt as though she were getting a glimpse of that unknown world that so fascinated her.

Near this bridge was a gate that led into the courtyard of the Southside theater. Greta would stand for hours near this gate waiting to catch a glimpse of the actors and actresses as they

came and went into that mysterious region known as "back stage." She loved the odor of cigarettes, perfume, and painted canvas that wafted through the door as it opened and closed.

One day she was brave enough to step into the yard. She longed to go through the door that led into the theater, and one evening she actually found courage to slip inside and get a glimpse of the dressing rooms and the wings of the stage before she hurried out.

Often she walked around to the front of the theater envying the people who were able to go inside. But she was not interested in the people who were buying tickets. It was the land of make-believe within that fascinated her. She would soon hurry around to the back to get as close to the stage door as she dared get. Often she tried to imagine that she was one of the actresses on her way to her dressing room.

The Gustafsson children were not allowed to go to the theater, partly because they were too young and partly because there was no money for such luxuries. It was not until Greta was twelve years old that she sat inside that playhouse and

watched the players she had so often longed to see.

Unconsciously Greta was seeing in the stage a chance to get away from the everyday life that seemed so tiresome. Hanging about the stage entrance, she was unconsciously feeding her great desire to go upon the stage.

When she was fourteen years old real tragedy entered her life. Her father, whom she loved dearly, became ill and died. She couldn't believe that such a thing could happen to her. To-day someone you loved was near you. You could touch him. You could talk to him. The next day he was gone and he never could be seen again.

And after he was gone there was no one to pay the rent and buy food for the family. Mrs. Gustafsson and her two older children, Swen and Alva, went out to get work. Greta was too young; she must be kept in school a while longer.

Greta did not like to be the only one not earning money. There was little that a young girl going to school could do, but she decided she would find some way to earn some money of her own. In Sweden, barbers employ girls to make

the lather and pat it on the customer's face and dry the razors and lay out clean towels. Greta found such work in a little shop close by.

But she didn't like it. Neither did she like the idea of the small pay that went with it. She wanted to leave school and get a real job. One day she persuaded her mother to allow her to apply for a position in Paul Bergstrom's Department Store.

Three days after her application she received a call to report to the store. When she was given a position in the ladies' coat department Greta knew that the hated school days were over.

It was soon found that Miss Gustafsson was willing and quick to learn. When there was an opening in the millinery department Greta was given a permanent position there.

One day the head saleslady asked the new clerk to help her lay out the hats that were to be used for illustrations in the new fall catalogue. When the advertising man came in to look them over Greta was used as a model, turning her head this way and that so that all angles of the hats could be studied.

Both the advertising man and the head of the department remarked on the fact that any style of hat seemed to become Miss Gustafsson. They decided it would be a fine idea to have her pose for the photographs. The fall catalogue for the Bergstrom Department Store had a page of hats modeled by Greta Gustafsson.

One day the advertising manager came hurrying into the millinery department. "Pick out your smartest styles," he ordered. "Captain Ring and two of his contract players are coming in to select hats for the advertising film they are making for the store. Bergstrom's are going to show how they can outfit girls in costumes for every occasion."

When Captain Ring, the owner of the film company, arrived, his attention was drawn to the facts that Miss Gustafsson could set off to advantage any of the models, and that she photographed very well. But Captain Ring was not interested. He had selected actresses for all the costumes he had in mind.

However, the next day it was decided that a comedy touch was needed in the picture. Then

Captain Ring remembered the tall, awkward, yet strangely attractive girl in the millinery department who photographed so well. She was chosen to play the part.

Greta was put into a checkered riding habit, two sizes too large for her. She was told to stand with her hands in her pockets, her shoulders hunched up, and her head pulled to one side. For half an hour she practised before a mirror. She was so quick and anxious to follow direction that Captain Ring assured her he would use her soon in another picture.

But it wasn't until the following year that Captain Ring asked Miss Gustafsson to do more work for him. This was a small part in a film to be released in Japan showing the culture and industry of Sweden.

In 1922 he again wanted Greta to take part in an industrial film for a firm in the city of Orebro. This time there was to be real romance running through the picture. Greta was asked to take the rôle of a valkyr. It was a great opportunity for her. She commenced to feel that she was getting to be more of an actress than a hat clerk.

But the store refused to let her go. The picture had nothing to do with them. There was no reason why they should let one of their best salesgirls have time off for someone else. Greta was heart-broken when she had to give it up.

Greta says that at this time she actually was interested in the business of selling hats. It was like play to the sixteen-year-old girl. She enjoyed the life and bustle of the store. She loved to wait on the actresses who came in to buy hats.

One night, on her way home from work, Greta stopped to look into a window where shoes were displayed. She was annoyed when she discovered a man standing beside her looking her up and down. She turned quickly and hurried down the street. The man, who happened to be a film director, had been attracted by Greta's beautiful, clear-cut features and natural, graceful walk. He was debating on approaching her and offering her a part in a picture he was about to make when she hurried off.

The following day this man came into the millinery section with two actresses. He didn't see Greta, and after he left she inquired who he

was. When she was told that he was Erick Petschler, a film director, she decided to ask him for a chance in one of his pictures.

That evening Greta telephoned him for an appointment which he made for the following afternoon. When she came into Mr. Petschler's office he immediately recognized her as the girl he had seen looking in the shoe-store window. He didn't hesitate to engage her for a comedy bit in *Peter the Tramp*. It was a small part and would take only a few days of her time. He thought she could arrange with the store to change her vacation date so that she could make the picture during that time. Greta went home that night thinking that at last she was on the road to becoming a motion-picture actress.

But the store refused to change the date they had set aside for Miss Gustafsson's vacation. They had no objection to her making the picture if it did not interfere with her store work. But her vacation date could not be changed.

Greta didn't know what to do. She feared to lose her steady job at the store, but she was more afraid to lose this chance in pictures for which

she had always longed. Rather than lose it she decided to give up her position as a hat clerk. That night she went home to tell her mother that she had left the store and hereafter intended to make her living in motion pictures.

Greta had lots of fun making that picture. It was a small part, but it looked very big to her. As one of a trio of bathing girls, she attracted little attention. But because she had lost her position in the store and was so eager to get work in pictures the director promised to give her another part soon.

While making this picture and meeting professional actors, she realized that before she could expect to get very far on either stage or screen she must have instruction. She consulted Frans Enwall, a private coach in drama, on how to go about it.

Mr. Enwall saw the unusual charm and beauty of this young girl. He recognized that here was raw material worth modeling. He knew she had no money for private lessons. He saw a great future for her if she had the determination and courage to apply herself to serious study. He

suggested that she prepare herself to take the test to enter the Royal Dramatic School.

In Sweden an actor must first attend the Dramatic School—a part of the Royal Theater—before he can appear upon the stage; just as a lawyer must take a college course before he can practise in the courts of the land.

But before a person is allowed to enter this school he must pass a test proving that he has the necessary ability and talent. These tests are given at certain dates each year. Those who pass them are given a scholarship that entitles them to instruction in the school without charge.

Mr. Enwall explained to Greta that here was her opportunity to get the needed training to become an actress. He offered to help her prepare for the examination.

For this test he gave her a part from a play by Selma Lagerlöf and another part, in *Madame Sans-Gêne*. Greta threw herself into the work of preparation. Day after day she studied her lines and the gestures that went with them.

She would be seventeen years old in September. The test was set for August. If she passed

she would have a three-year scholarship in one of the finest dramatic schools in the world, with every promise to fulfill her dream of going on the stage. If she failed, a life of doing everyday things in the everyday world lay before her. She was determined that she would not fail.

Greta was not the only nervous person when the day for her test arrived. The boys and girls who met at the school for the same purpose were just as anxious as she. They were all whispering about the newspaper critics, dramatic teachers, and famous actors who had gathered out in front to act as their judges.

When Greta's turn came to speak her lines, her knees trembled so, she scarcely had strength enough to carry herself out on the stage. She went through her act as though she were in a trance. As she left the stage after it was over, she nearly collapsed. But she soon pulled herself together and hurried home and into bed, where she lay awake all night long, hoping and praying that she had proved herself worthy to enter the school.

The next day passed, and there was no word

from the theater. The second day passed without a sign. Greta had commenced to give up hope when there was a telephone call saying that her name was among those entered on the rolls as one of the pupils of the Royal Dramatic School for the seasons of 1922-1923 and 1923-1924.

Although there was no tuition fee, attendance at the school involved expense. Naturally, Greta needed suitable clothes. There was make-up to buy. There were certain books necessary. Her sister, who was working in an office, helped meet these expenses.

When Greta started to this new school she didn't know life could be so happy. Here she studied elocution instead of arithmetic; fencing instead of geography. She was presented with passes to the best theaters, for it was a part of her education to study and watch the great actors and actresses. She met friends who were interested in the things in which she was interested. Life was taking on a new meaning for her. This kind of studying wasn't work, it was play.

The instructors soon recognized the talent lying dormant in Miss Gustafsson. The directors

of the school believed that the best way to bring out real talent in a student was to give actual experience with instruction. Greta, with several others from her class, was engaged as a "contract pupil" at forty dollars a month. Now, while she was studying, she took parts in actual performances given in the Royal Dramatic Theater. Not only was Greta learning to become an actress, but she was making money while she was doing it.

In the spring of 1923, Gustaf Molander, director of the school, advised Greta to see the motion-picture director Mauritz Stiller, who was looking for talented beginners. Mr. Stiller, he knew, preferred to mould clever novices rather than to work with those wise from years of experience. He was about to start production on the biggest picture he had ever made, called *Gösta Berling's Saga*. Mr. Molander felt that Greta had a good chance to get both work and experience under this great director

Greta called on Mr. Stiller one night after school. He was not in, but she was told to wait, as he was expected soon. Waiting in his office,

she was so frightened that she felt like stealing out before he arrived. Suddenly the door opened and a tall man with a big dog came slowly into the room.

He looked Greta up and down. It seemed to her as though he were looking through her. Bluntly he asked her to remove her coat and hat. Then he told her to put them back on again. After asking a few questions he let her know that he was ready to have her leave. She felt that she had failed to impress him as she bade him good-bye.

But in three days Greta had word that Mr. Stiller wanted her to report to the Rasunda Film City for a test.

She rode out there on the street car with her schoolmate Mona Mortenson, who also had been requested to come out for a test. Both of them were anxious to get a part in one of Mr. Stiller's pictures. Both of them were nervous and frightened at the thought of making a motion-picture test.

When Greta arrived at the studio she was directed to the make-up man, who spent a half

hour in making up her face: quite a different process from the method used for the stage.

Then she was sent to a set where Mauritz Stiller was waiting for her. After looking her over he abruptly pointed to a bed and ordered, "Lie down and be sick." She lay down on the bed, but it seemed so silly to her she couldn't for the life of her pretend that she was sick.

Suddenly Mr. Stiller stood over her. "For God's sake, don't you know what it is to be sick?" he asked. Greta realized that this was a serious business. Although very confused and self-conscious she tried her best to imagine that she was desperately ill. After that was over she waited for something else. But that was all. Mr. Stiller told her she could go home.

A few days later she received word that she had been chosen to play the part of Countess Elizabeth Dohna, in *Gösta Berling's Saga*. She learned that her friend Mona Mortenson had been chosen for another part in the same picture.

CHAPTER II

GRETA could not believe that she had actually been chosen to play one of the most important rôles in *Gösta Berling's Saga*. Everyone at the school was talking about this marvelous story that the famous director Mauritz Stiller was going to make into a picture. The famous stage star, Lars Hanson, had been chosen to play the male lead. The most Greta had expected was a minor part. And now she had been selected to play the Countess Dohna. She hurried out to buy a book and read the story.

Greta never wanted to do anything as badly as she wanted to play this part, and yet she was afraid. The thought of going through the highly dramatic scenes before the camera with this strange man, Mauritz Stiller, directing terrified

her. The whole thing seemed too big for the inexperienced girl of seventeen.

Those first days at the studio, arranging for the necessary costumes, studying the script, and rehearsing the scenes, were an experience never to be forgotten. It was all so different from the industrial pictures in which she had formerly worked, and the little comedy skit she had done in *Peter the Tramp*.

At last the day arrived for the actual "shooting" of the first scenes. Greta, made up and dressed in the necessary costume, was waiting for her entrance on the scene. Suddenly she became quite ill. When she was called before the camera she thought she was going to faint. Mr. Stiller recognized the symptoms of nervous excitement. He ordered everyone, even the electricians, off the set. Greta was left alone to pull herself together.

But Mr. Stiller was watching this new girl behind a canvas prop. He wanted to see what stuff she was made of. He hoped that he had not been mistaken in her great strength and courage.

Slowly but surely he saw her regain her com-

posure. He quickly called the other members of the company back on the set. In a few minutes Greta was plunged into the making of a picture that was to start her on the road to world fame.

Greta found that she could not laugh and joke between scenes on this picture as she had in the others she had worked in. While making *Gösta Berling's Saga* she felt that she actually was the Countess Dohna. Wrenching back and forth from Greta Gustafsson to Countess Dohna was more than she could stand. So between scenes she would wander away from the others and sit alone, without talking to anyone. The other players, who did not feel their rôles so deeply, commenced to whisper that Greta was upstage.

Greta knew they were gossiping about her, but she did not care. Her one thought was to make a good job of the part she was playing. She was there to work, and not to entertain herself or her friends.

Mr. Stiller soon realized that he had found great talent in Greta Gustafsson. She was like clay in his hands. Clay that easily responded to his slightest touch.

And Greta appreciated the ability of the great

director. Each day she threw herself heart and soul into her scenes. At night she went home exhausted from having given every ounce of energy that she possessed.

It was nearly a year before the picture was completed. There were winter scenes and summer scenes all made on so grand a scale that they could not be done in the studio. It was necessary to wait for the change in season so that nature could be used as the setting.

Mauritz Stiller, a genuinely great director, was giving rein to his ambition to make this picture the greatest film that had ever been made. Never before had there been such a scene as the one where Greta and her lover, played by Lars Hanson, fled for their lives miles over the frozen lake with a pack of hungry wolves at their heels. And the burning of the big farmhouse was one of the most spectacular scenes ever portrayed on the screen.

When the picture was finished and shown to the public the critics pronounced it the greatest screen play ever made. Special notice was called to the unknown actress Greta Gustafsson.

It was then that Mr. Stiller and Greta decided that the name Gustafsson was too long. Exhibitors might object to such a lengthy name in electric lights in front of their theaters. It took up too much space on theater programs. Together they chose the name Garbo. So the new motion-picture actress Greta Garbo made her bow to the world.

After the picture was finished Greta returned to the Dramatic School to resume her studies. She had proved herself so fine an actress that the school director signed her on a contract as "leading pupil," which meant she would play "leads" on the stage of the Royal Dramatic Theater while she was finishing her instruction in the school.

But Greta Garbo was destined not to go on with her studies. Mr. Stiller found that he had a place for her in his next picture. He felt certain that he could keep her busy working in his productions. He knew that experience was the best teacher. He suggested that she give up her scholarship in the school and devote all her time to acting before the camera.

Greta had become fond of Mr. Stiller. She admired him and respected his judgment. She considered herself very fortunate to have this offer from the great director. She asked to be released from her "leading pupil" contract. And Greta Garbo turned over the management of her career to Mauritz Stiller.

Mr. Stiller invited his protégée to accompany him to the première of *Gösta Berling's Saga*, in Berlin. Greta had never been outside of Sweden before. At last she was going to see one of the countries she had dreamed about when she was a schoolgirl, poring over her lessons in history. Somehow, some way, she found herself doing the things she had always longed to do. At last she was drawing herself away from the everyday world that she had found so tiresome.

That first première of Greta's in Berlin was a very brilliant one. The theater seats were filled with fashionable society folk, famous critics, and celebrities from the stage. After the picture was finished there was a roar of applause. Greta and Mr. Stiller came out on the stage and were introduced to the audience. They were showered with

flowers. To this day Greta likes to recall the warmth of that welcome she received in Berlin.

"The German people are not too personal in their admiration," she says. "They admire your talent and your work, but it ends there. They are interested in you as an artist, not as a personality. Your life away from the screen or stage is your own."

While Mr. Stiller was attending to business in Berlin, Greta roamed the streets sightseeing. She loved the quaint little shops and cafés that bordered the wide, tree-shaded streets. She liked the friendliness of the German people. She laughed as she struggled with their language. She knew that she could be very happy living in this big city.

Mr. Stiller found producers in Berlin willing to back a picture he wanted to make in Constantinople. Greta was to play the leading rôle. Eniar Hansen (who later came to Hollywood, where he was killed in an automobile accident) was to play opposite her. This trip to Turkey Greta thought would be the greatest adventure of her life. She hurried home to pack her clothes for the journey.

When she actually found herself on the train bound for Constantinople, Greta felt that she must be in a dream. She was certain that no other girl in the world had been as fortunate as she. First there had been success in a great rôle in one of the biggest productions ever filmed. Then selection as the protégée of a famous director. And now she was on her way to a foreign land to play the lead in another of his important pictures. Life was no longer tiresome and monotonous for the little Gustafsson girl. In fact, this awkward girl had long since disappeared. There was a new girl in her place: a charming, talented, beautiful person known on the screen as the actress Greta Garbo.

Greta will never forget the excitement of getting located in that strange city of Constantinople. She could hardly wait to explore the narrow crooked streets and the open shops that bordered them.

There was delay in getting started on the picture. Mr. Stiller was not satisfied with the script. Much of it had to be rewritten. Greta was left to amuse herself. She spent hours roaming

about the city. One day Greta was fascinated by a dirty ragged Turk who sauntered past a shop where she was buying a little trinket to send home to her mother. She decided to follow him. She was curious to know where such a fellow lived. To find out what he did. But apparently he did nothing. Neither did he have any special place to go. Like a lost dog he wandered aimlessly up this street and down that. Finally Greta got tired and returned to her hotel.

But she was happy roaming about alone and unhindered. Twice she was invited to the Swedish Embassy, but she did not care to meet strange people, though they were from her native land.

Even Eniar Hansen did not go out with her. He was conscious of the ragged beard he had had to grow for the rôle he was to portray in the picture.

At last the script was ready and work on the picture was started. Mr. Stiller felt that this would be the most dramatic production he had yet made. The actual settings in the land where the story was laid inspired all the players. As a matter of fact, it was the first motion picture to be made in Constantinople.

Suddenly the money from Berlin stopped coming. Mr. Stiller could get no answer from his letters and telegrams. Time was precious. The night before Christmas he decided to get on the train and make a hurried trip to Berlin. His little band of players felt alien and forlorn when they found themselves left alone in this foreign town on Christmas Eve. All but Greta. She did not care. Being alone never bothered her. She knew that she could find plenty of interesting things to do in this strange city.

In a few days Mr. Stiller returned with the sad news that the backers of the picture had gone broke. There was nothing to do but disband and go home.

But Mr. Stiller had plans for another picture that he wanted to make in Berlin. So once more Greta found herself in the German capital. While she was waiting for Mr. Stiller to attend to his business, she decided to work in a German production. Mr. Stiller got a part for her in *The Street of Sorrow*.

Greta had picked up enough German to enable her to understand direction. She found that she

liked to work in the German studios. She knew she could be happy living in Berlin and making pictures there.

So Greta Garbo's second picture was made in the capital of Germany. It was not a sensation like *Gösta Berling's Saga*. But then Mr. Stiller did not direct it. Greta was gaining experience, and that was what she wanted just now.

During this time Louis B. Mayer, production head of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios in Hollywood, was making a trip through Europe on the lookout for new talent. The night he saw *Gösta Berling's Saga*, he saw photography and new directorial tricks that had never been done before. He wanted to see the genius who directed this fine picture. He wanted to take him back to Hollywood and introduce his new ideas to the American screen.

He was also impressed with the splendid acting of the male lead, played by Lars Hanson, who was a finished artist. He wanted to put him also under contract to make pictures in his Hollywood studio.

But Lars Hanson was not particularly inter-

ested in the screen. He was one of the biggest favorites of the Royal Dramatic Theater in Stockholm. It was only between seasons that he played in motion pictures. The large salary offered could not tempt him to go to Hollywood.

Mauritz Stiller, on the other hand, was keenly interested in the idea. He knew that Hollywood was far ahead of Europe in making pictures. His good friend the director, Victor Seastrom, had already made a name for himself over there. Mr. Stiller often felt handicapped in trying to carry out his ideas in the small studios of Europe. He had heard about the big stages in Hollywood and their vast equipment. He was ready to sign a contract, provided his protégée, Greta Garbo, was given one too, so that she might go to Hollywood and work in his pictures.

Mr. Mayer was not particularly interested in Greta Garbo. She was a newcomer to the screen. She had no special name in Europe. Her future was uncertain. There were many girls in Hollywood as capable as she.

But Mr. Stiller had promised Greta work in his pictures when she left the Dramatic School.

He knew that she would some day be a great actress. He refused to go to Hollywood without her. He was ready to pay her salary out of his, so certain was he of her success. It was finally agreed that Miss Garbo should accompany Mr. Stiller to the film capital. Greta admits that Mr. Mayer scarcely looked at her while the contract was being signed.

Life was moving very swiftly for this young girl. She and Mr. Stiller gave up all plans for pictures in Germany and hurried to Stockholm to prepare for their long journey to America.

Mrs. Gustafsson was very proud of her daughter's success. The money Greta was sending home made life much easier for them all, but she did not like to have her youngest child away from home so much of the time. She was stunned when Greta came home and announced that she was going to Hollywood. It seemed like another world to her.

But she knew her daughter well enough to know that it would be useless to try to stop her. She realized that this little girl of hers who had always been so different from her other children had grown beyond them all. She felt that she

might never see her again. With tears in her eyes she helped pack her bags for the long trip. Swen and Alva envied their sister, who was getting paid what to them were huge sums of money while she traveled all over the world.

Greta never felt so free as she did on that day in July, 1925, when she stood on the deck of the big steamship *Drottningholm* as it slipped out of the harbor of Gothenburg. For hours she walked the deck dreaming of the great world that lay before her.

She loved every minute of the nine days it took to cross the ocean to the United States. For hours she would lie on deck in her chair gazing out at the ocean. She did not care to mingle with the crowds. She had never known such peace and happiness before.

Like all the other passengers on board, she was thrilled when the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor came into view. But she actually hated to leave this big boat where she had been so happy. Instinctively she felt that those nine days would be counted among the happiest she had ever spent in her life.

Greta was disappointed with New York. She expected to see a great city with wide avenues shaded with trees. She landed on one of the hottest midsummer days. The pavements fairly sizzled with heat. The air was sticky and heavy with the smoke and grime of the big city. After the cool days she had known in her own Northern land, it was almost more than she could bear.

Mr. Stiller had business to attend to in New York. He might even make a picture there before going to Hollywood. There was nothing for Greta to do but establish herself in a hotel.

There was no pleasure in exploring this towered city in the hot August sun. She spent most of her time in her bathtub filled with cold water. She dreaded to think what California would be like, as she had been told that it was a land of perpetual sunshine.

In the evening Mr. Stiller and Greta often attended the theater. Neither of them could understand English. They had great fun trying to figure out from the acting what the actors were saying. It was the musical plays that they enjoyed the most.

In September Mr. Stiller was ready to start for Hollywood.

The trip from New York seemed endless. Greta had never realized that so much country existed in all the world. The part of the journey that interested her most was the desert, with its cool nights. She commenced to hope that California might not be such a hot place after all.

When they arrived in Los Angeles (there is no railway station in Hollywood) they found a warm welcome awaiting them. A group of people from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio was there to greet these newcomers who had journeyed all the way from Sweden.

As Greta stepped from the train she was presented with a big bouquet of California flowers. The cameraman leveled his camera on her. That day the first of the endless chain of Garbo publicity was set in motion.

There were automobiles waiting to take them out to the studio. Hollywood knows how to welcome strangers to its midst and make them feel at home.

Mr. Stiller's old friend Victor Seastrom was

living at Santa Monica. He thought that Stiller and Miss Garbo would like to make their home there. He knew that most Swedes loved the sea and the surf. He knew that they would enjoy the salt fresh air as it came from the ocean.

After driving through Hollywood and Beverly Hills and the beach towns, both Greta and Mr. Stiller decided that Santa Monica was where they wanted to establish themselves.

Mr. Stiller rented a house near the beach and engaged a Swedish woman to keep house for him. Greta took a small apartment in the Miramar, a big brick apartment house, a block from the ocean.

She was happy to find the weather in California cool and comfortable, even though the sun shone brightly. She liked living near the ocean, where she could walk miles up the sand, close to the water's edge. She was glad that she did not have to start immediately on a picture. She had time to learn the ways of this new country and study the language. It was three months before Greta Garbo started work on her first picture in Hollywood.

CHAPTER III

NO ONE on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot was enthusiastic about Garbo when she first arrived in Hollywood. "She is too big," "She is too tall," "She will never go over in pictures," were comments heard on all sides.

Large girls had not been successful on the screen. The petite type was the popular one. Now came a girl five feet six inches tall, weighing around a hundred and thirty-five pounds, with large hands and feet and shoulders as broad as a man's. Hollywood could not see such a girl making a hit in pictures.

Finally, a screen test of her was made.

Before an actress is cast for a part in a picture she is given a screen test, to determine whether or not she is suitable for certain rôles. These

screen tests, cold and impersonal, are required of stars as well as beginners.

First the subject's face is made up by experts in the studio. Her hair is arranged by a skilled hairdresser. Certain costumes are made to her measure. Then photographs of different angles of her face are taken. She is posed in various positions, sitting and standing.

It was reported that these tests of Garbo showed an unattractive girl in whom Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer found no interest.

Mauritz Stiller was furious. "Fools, all of them. Let me make the test. I will show them," he shouted.

The story goes that painstakingly Stiller made up Garbo's lovely face. Carefully he arranged the lights so that they brought out her clear, cameo-like profile. He posed her this way and that. The result was that a glimpse of the Garbo glamour showed through. At any rate, the officials were interested enough to give her the feminine lead in *The Torrent*.

Garbo and Stiller came to Hollywood with the understanding that Stiller was to direct the pic-

tures of his protégée. She never would have come had she thought that anyone but the great Stiller was to guide her through a picture. It was he who had faith in her ability as an actress. It was he who had given her her first big chance before the camera. He was her inspiration.

But Monta Bell and not Stiller was given the job of directing Garbo's first picture in Hollywood.

Greta could neither speak nor understand English. Svend Borg, an interpreter, transmitted all directions from Monta Bell to the Swedish actress.

Garbo thought she would never live through the struggle of making that first picture. She was not used to such long hours. The company often worked far into the night. She did not like to have strange and unfriendly people shouting directions at her in a language that was wholly incomprehensible to her. She did not want strangers to stand about the set staring at her. Many times she was ready to quit and go home. But Mauritz Stiller, who realized all this picture meant for his protégée, made her carry on.

Greta Garbo has never forgotten those first long, trying days she had in Hollywood when, homesick and discouraged, she hardly had enough strength left in her body to carry herself home for the few hours of rest allowed her before she had to face the camera again.

Soon after *The Torrent* was under way, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer discovered they had a "find" in Greta Garbo. "Here is real star dust," they said. "She will be a sensation when she is seen on the screen."

The "rushes"—each day's pictures that are run off in a projection room at the studio—gave the officials a glimpse of the subtle, glamorous Garbo lure that was soon to captivate the world.

After the preview of *The Torrent*, Hollywood commenced to sit up and take notice.

Previews are the first showing of pictures unexpectedly slipped in with the regular program at some small theater in or near Los Angeles. The producers do this to get an average audience's reaction to the story and the actors. Often entire sequences are changed or remade when they do not "get across." The popularity

of a player is sometimes determined by this unannounced first showing of a picture.

Each neighborhood is always on the lookout for the big sign "PREVIEW TO-NIGHT," which is hung in front of the ticket office a few hours before the performance. It soon draws crowds, who stand in line to gain admittance. Seats are roped off for the producers, players, directors, cameramen, electricians, and all those who took part in the making of the picture. After the preview people gather outside the door to discuss the picture.

The Torrent was previewed in a little theater on the edge of Beverly Hills. No one noticed Garbo as she and Mr. Stiller quietly slipped into seats at the rear of the dimly lighted house. No one saw them steal out just before the picture was finished. At the first showing of the first picture Greta Garbo made in Hollywood she set the precedent of never appearing publicly at any of her pictures.

After the preview people gathered in groups in front of the theater to discuss this fascinating girl called Greta Garbo.

The Torrent came to the Capitol Theater in New York without the usual ballyhoo. The metropolitan critics sat spellbound as they watched this new kind of siren. Next day her name blazed in every newspaper. People crowded the theater to see her. She met a similar reception wherever the picture was shown. Greta Garbo had become an overnight sensation.

The Torrent proved that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer had rightly cast the Swedish star as a siren, although even at the start Garbo insisted that she did not want to play "bad womens." To this day Garbo has never had her wish of playing the part of a good little girl.

Hollywood was deeply impressed with the strange beauty and singular appeal of this new foreign actress. The film colony had thought it was fed up on foreigners. But here was an entirely different type. Women as well as men spoke of her strangely seductive magnetism.

Plans had already been made for Garbo to do *The Temptress*. Greta agreed to make it if Mr. Stiller could direct.

Stiller started the picture. From the start he

had trouble with the producers. "They get me over here to make pictures because they like my methods. They say they are different. Then they will not let me use my methods. Instead they try to tell me how to make the picture."

In Sweden Stiller's word around the studio was law. In Hollywood he was criticized. He would tolerate interference from no one. His English was poor. When he could not make himself understood, he became excited and mixed his English and Swedish. When he wanted action before the camera he would shout "Stop" for "Go." Then he would wave his hands in the air and pace back and forth, shouting in Swedish. The actors laughed at him. Finally he was taken from the picture. Fred Niblo was put in his place.

It was while Garbo was making *The Temptress* that I first interviewed her.

The publicity department had been puzzled by this strange girl. They weren't sure she would give an interview. They admitted that they knew almost nothing about her. They laughed because they had found an actress who did not want to talk about herself. They felt certain, neverthe-

less, that Garbo would soon come to her senses. They chuckled to think how they would soon have her knocking at their door.

Garbo was persuaded to come to the studio for an interview when she learned she was to talk to a writer whose Swedish husband was to act as interpreter.

We met in a bare little office, in the old publicity department of M-G-M. Garbo came in, tall and awkward and self-conscious.

She wore a plain little suit, badly in need of pressing. Her eyes were shaded by a green visor drawn down over her forehead. She pulled it off as she entered the door. Her dark brown hair (it had been dyed for the picture, for she is a natural blonde) hung almost to her shoulders. Later this long haircut—which at the time seemed most untidy—was to be known all over the world as the famous Garbo bob. Garbo was a decided contrast to the other well groomed, perfectly poised actresses on the lot.

It was her smouldering, heavy-lidded eyes that immediately drew attention. The whites of them were so exceedingly clear and white; the blue

such a deep, clear color. The heavy black lashes on her upper lids curled back until they touched her narrow, well arched brows. Her lower lashes swept her cheeks.

“When I first went into pictures I was asked to cut them,” she said.

Her mouth was large, but soft and appealing. Her teeth were broad and even. She had the creamy complexion of the Scandinavian. Vivid lipstick accentuated her lips.

She settled into a chair with the lazy grace of an animal, toying with the eye shade with her large, capable hands. She had the long, tapering fingers of the artist. On a middle finger she wore an odd ring.

“I was frantic when Mr. Stiller was taken from the picture,” she said. “It is difficult for me to understand direction through an interpreter. Everything over here is strange and different.

“And this studio is so large it confuses me. Are all the studios as large as this? I would get lost if someone did not take me to the many different stages where we work.

“You all hurry so much. Everyone goes on the run. We do not rush so in Sweden. It took

months and months to make *Gösta Berling's Saga*. We had to wait for winter, to make the winter scenes. Then we had to wait for summer, to get summer scenes.

“Here you make any climate you want right in the studio. You finish a picture in a few weeks. I don't know whether I like it or not.

“And they make me play bad girl. Sometimes I would like to play good girl.”

It was amazing to hear her speak such good English, for she knew scarcely a word of it when she arrived. She spoke slowly and hesitatingly, often appealing for help with words. Her accent was charming. She slurred certain words. She said ver' for very and mus' for must. Her voice was deep and low.

“My mother did not want me so far from home. I plead with her, ‘Just for one little year’—so I am here. No, I am not homesick. I have not had time for that yet.”

She spoke in her native tongue about American food and Swedish food. She told how she longed for some cold weather. She said that the bright California sun hurt her eyes.

"In America you are all so happy. Why are you so happy all of the time?" she asked. "I am not always happy. Sometimes yes, sometimes no. When I am angry I am very bad. I shut my door and do not speak."

Later Hollywood was to learn what Garbo meant when she said, "I shut my door and do not speak."

The first story I wrote of Greta Garbo was called "The Mysterious Stranger." She made her strange personality felt from the start. I wrote that her eyes were her greatest charm. That she did not invite confidences of the heart. I said, "Greta Garbo will fascinate people, but I wager she will always remain more or less a mystery."

Members of the film colony commenced to show a keen interest in this newcomer to their midst. She was seldom seen in public. She rarely ate her lunch with the other players in the studio café. She lived alone in her small apartment at the Miramar, in Santa Monica. When asked why she did not move into larger quarters and have servants, like other stars, she answered, "I have a bed, a chair, and a table. What more do I want?"

Garbo didn't even have a maid. She ate most of her meals with Mauritz Stiller. He was the only person with whom she was known to associate.

The Swedish director was not faring as well as his protégée. It seemed that he and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer couldn't come to terms. Finally, by mutual consent, their contract was terminated, and he went over to the Lasky Studio. Greta was given a new contract. The scene had changed. It was Garbo and not Stiller whom M-G-M now wanted.

Garbo made even a greater sensation in *The Temptress* than in *The Torrent*. As Elena, the wife of a weak South American, bankers, bandits, and heroic bridge builders became her slaves. Suicide, ruin, and disaster followed in her wake.

Passion glowed whenever Garbo appeared on the scene. Her beauty flashed with a singular appeal. She was proclaimed a great actress.

But Greta declared she knew nothing of the technique of acting. That for the time being she *was* the person in the picture. That she did not know how she got certain effects. She did not know why she did things the way she did them.

CHAPTER IV

AFTER *The Temptress* the studio announced that Garbo and Jack Gilbert were to play the leads in *Flesh and the Devil*.

At that time Jack Gilbert was one of the screen's most popular heroes. He had made a great sensation as the dashing Prince Danilo in *The Merry Widow*. That genius, Eric von Stroheim, who directed *The Merry Widow* had brought out a fiery appeal in Jack that had never been seen before. That picture gave Jack the name of the screen's greatest lover.

Then *The Big Parade*, in which Jack played the part of Jim Apperson, a typical American doughboy, stamped him as a truly fine actor. No one who saw the picture will forget this youth—a little stupid at times, uncouth, often afraid,

often gloriously brave. Nor will anyone forget his tender love scenes with the little French girl—played so touchingly by Renée Adorée.

Here was Gilbert, a tempestuous person, gay and daring, his tall, slender figure, coal-black hair, black eyes, and flashing white teeth a striking contrast to this tall, slender blonde, cool and unruffled as an iceberg of her native land.

Jack, like Greta, had been poor in his youth. Born practically in the wings of a theater while his mother was touring the country with a road show, Jack at an early age had had the tinsel and glitter of the stage torn from his eyes.

Later, two marriages and two divorces had made him bitter about life. He was known around the film colony as temperamental and reckless, a man who intended to pick life up in his hands and do with it as he saw fit.

These two strange personalities, Jack Gilbert and Greta Garbo, were drawn to one another from the start.

The beginning of *Flesh and the Devil* plunged them into scenes of passionate love. One minute these two were casual acquaintances. The next

they were holding each other in a lover's close embrace.

Soon after they started work on the picture Hollywood scented a new romance. Garbo and Gilbert, it seemed, were playing love scenes with a realism that impressed all who saw them.

Clarence Brown, the director, said he was getting the greatest love scenes ever filmed. "I am working with raw material. They are in that blissful state of love that is so like a rosy cloud that they imagine themselves hidden behind it, as well as lost in it."

Jack Gilbert's fervor swept Garbo from her calm retirement. His flashing smile, blunt speech, and emotional nature stirred her out of her passiveness. Instead of retiring to the corner of the set by herself between scenes, she laughed and joked with Gilbert and the others working on the picture.

Instead of hurrying home from her work at the studio, seeing only Mr. Stiller, she now began to go out with Jack. They were seen lunching at the Montmarte in Hollywood. Jack, who had just completed a new home high on one of the hills

back of Beverly Hills, commenced to invite friends in to dine with him and Garbo.

Hollywood heard many tales of the Swedish star's eccentricities. It was said that at these parties Garbo seldom appeared in evening gowns, even when the others came in formal dress. That often during the evening she would kick off her slippers and sit about in her stocking feet.

Garbo was now spending much of her leisure at Jack's home, swimming in the pool or resting on the broad veranda that looked out over Beverly Hills.

Whenever they could, these two slipped away on Jack's trim little yacht *The Temptress* to cruise around in the clear water of Catalina Bay.

There was no doubt that he was deeply fond of the Swedish actress. He was always talking about her. "Garbo is marvelous. The most alluring creature you have ever seen. Capricious as the devil, whimsical, temperamental, and fascinating. Some days she refuses to come to the studio. When she doesn't feel like working she will *not* work. Garbo never acts unless she feels she can do herself justice. But what magnetism

when she gets in front of the camera! What appeal! What a woman!

“One day she is childlike, naïve, ingenuous, a girl of ten. The next day she is a mysterious woman a thousand years old, knowing everything, baffling, deep. Garbo has more sides to her personality than anyone I have ever met.”

While this romance was in progress, Mauritz Stiller was directing Pola Negri in *Hôtel Imperial*. Lars Hanson once told me that when Stiller was working on a picture he would see no one, not even Garbo. Possibly, because of that, Garbo was only amusing herself with Jack while Stiller was busy. At any rate, when Stiller finished *Hôtel Imperial* he and Garbo were occasionally seen together again.

As soon as *Flesh and the Devil* was finished, Jack rushed off to New York on a vacation. Something had gone wrong with the Garbo-Gilbert romance.

When asked in an interview if he was in love with Garbo he answered briefly, “She is a wonderful girl. We are merely good pals.”

Flesh and the Devil, when it was released, was

a sensation. Wherever it was shown crowds formed in line in front of the theaters, waiting to get in to see the realistic love-making of these two celebrities.

Soon after Jack returned from New York the interrupted romance was on again in full force.

It was rumored about town that Jack had bought the wedding ring and that before long he would marry Greta. Later there was a persistent rumor that these two had stolen out of town secretly and been wed.

About this time the report got out that Garbo was demanding a higher salary from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. She knew that *Flesh and the Devil* was making amazing sums of money. She knew that she was now considered one of the company's best drawing cards.

There came a day when Garbo and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer could not come to terms, and it was said that she was satisfied with neither the money she was receiving nor the next picture the studio had scheduled for her.

It was then that she introduced a new mode of warfare to the studio officials. Instead of raving

and arguing at the top of her voice, as other stars before her had done, Garbo got up and said quietly, "I t'ink I go home," and home she went and home she stayed.

For nearly seven months there were no Garbo pictures made. For a time it looked as though Garbo would return to Sweden.

Without a contract with a studio, it is almost impossible for a foreign screen player to get a passport renewed. If a person's passport is not renewed, that person must return to his native land. Garbo's passport was about to expire. It is said that the studio threatened to send her back to Sweden when the time came, claiming that since she would not work she was no longer under contract. Hollywood waited with eager interest to see if Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer would let the immigration authorities send their biggest star out of the country.

Garbo met all threats and arguments with silence. It seemed that she was quite ready to go back home.

It was said that two days before the final limit of her passport, the company weakened. How-

ever that may be, the studio announced that their Swedish star would soon start on a new picture. Jack Gilbert's business manager was reputedly the negotiator who had settled the differences between the star and the motion-picture officials. From that date he acquired a new client, for since that time he has managed Garbo's business affairs.

Facetious commentators have noted that an earthquake was felt in Hollywood the day Garbo told Metro officials how much money she wanted in her weekly pay envelope. After the new contract was drawn up, the actual amount of her new salary was not given out, but it was reported on good authority to be in the neighborhood of five thousand dollars.

Hollywood was enchanted to think that this foreign actress had gotten her way. "Long live the queen!" laughed the film colony.

Hollywood commenced to realize that Garbo's strange personality was not a pose. Here was a girl whom no one could fathom. No one at the studio seemed to understand her. Time and again, at the very moment that the officials were

congratulating themselves that they were getting on beautifully with their Swedish star, she would get up, saying, "I t'ink I go home," and home she would go.

At times she even baffled Jack Gilbert. During the height of her romance with Jack, Garbo would often lock herself away from everyone, not even permitting Gilbert to see her.

Jack told of one time when Garbo had been missing from the studio for days. No one could get her on the telephone. He drove down to her apartment. There was no answer to his knock on the door. Someone at the Miramar had seen Garbo walking towards the beach.

Jack motored for miles beyond Santa Monica before he found Garbo. He came upon her in a secluded cove just as she was coming out of the surf. For fifteen minutes she stood there all alone, looking out at the brooding ocean.

Flesh and the Devil continued to make picture history wherever it was shown. Its star was showing the world a new kind of appeal. Everyone was talking about her insinuating presence, her seductive eyes, her strange power of charm.

Never before had the screen shown such daring love scenes as those between Jack Gilbert and Greta Garbo.

Hollywood was keenly interested when Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer announced that the pair were starting work on *Love*, an adaptation of Tolstoy's classic *Anna Karénina*. It was while she was working on this picture that she began to protest at interviews.

"Interviews," she said. "How I hate them! When I get to be a big star I will never give another."

Garbo's pictures all called for the exotic, clinging garments of a siren. She hated to stand for dress fittings. She took no interest in her clothes. She was the despair of the wardrobe department.

"Dresses. I wish they were all bags and all alike, to jump into quick," she said.

"It is difficult to dress Greta Garbo," said André Ani, the designer at M-G-M. "She has foreign ideas about clothes that do not go well in American pictures. She wants short skirts when she should have long ones. She has many dislikes.

She will wear nothing with fur on it, if she can have her way. She wants neither lace nor velvet garments. She goes in for flaunting, bizarre collars and cuffs. And her figure—it is difficult to dress.”

The new picture, *Love*, called for many beautiful gowns. When she balked at the long hours necessary for fittings, the studio commenced to look about for a double for their star.

A double is a person who “stands in” for an actress. She must have about the same height, weight, coloring, and general appearance of the actress for whom she is to double.

It was found that the blonde Geraldine de Vorak, an extra, had the same physical measurements as Garbo. Even her face was shaped like the Swedish star’s. There was a decided resemblance in their looks. Geraldine had everything that Garbo had except the mysterious ingredient that made Greta Garbo.

It was Geraldine’s duty to have Garbo’s gowns fitted on her. She also “stood in” for rehearsals while it was figured out where the star should stand in each scene, where she should sit or walk.

Occasionally, in long shots, when her face could not be seen, she was used in the picture. It was her business to save Garbo's energy whenever she could.

"Gott! She looks like me," exclaimed Greta the first time she saw Geraldine modeling gowns.

Never did any girl enjoy her work more than the double of Greta Garbo. All day long she sat close to the star studying her every movement. All day long she imagined what it would be like to be the great Greta Garbo.

Stardom bored Garbo, and when the day's work was done she left its glittering, dazzling garments at the studio. Then Geraldine picked them up and put them on. With her hair slicked back from her face like Garbo's, wearing the clinging, exotic garments of the Garbo of the screen, Geraldine would sit at the table in a gay night club, looking more like Garbo than Garbo herself, while Garbo, dressed in a rough tweed coat, with a slouch felt hat pulled down over her eyes, hurried home to quiet and peace.

Life at the studio was much easier for Garbo after her double came.

She found her gowns for each scene ready and waiting to be slipped over her head by the maid whom the studio had engaged to wait on her while she was working.

All the movements and positions of the star in each scene had been figured out before her arrival. The focusing of the big arc lights and the spotlights had all been arranged.

But, even so, Garbo was often late. Many times she held up the "shooting" as director, cameramen, and other members of the company sat about waiting for her arrival.

"Ever since she got her way with her new contract, she has had the big head," said a young man who was playing extra. "But if she can get away with it, more power to her," he laughed.

"She's got them all scared around here," said another. "They don't dare scold or find fault with her for fear she'll turn around and go home."

But Garbo's tardiness wasn't because she was conceited. She just couldn't seem to pull herself together. She was cold and tired all of the time. Between scenes she would wrap herself up in a

heavy fur coat. She could hardly wait for the noon hour, to lie down and rest.

One day she did not appear for work. "Garbo has kicked over the traces. She is getting temperamental again," was whispered.

But Garbo was suffering from anemia brought about by the rigid diet imposed when it was found that she was putting on weight.

One caustic writer hazarded the opinion that Garbo's lazy, languorous charm had been nothing in the world but the tired movements of a young girl with too few red corpuscles in her blood; that the passionate smouldering of her eyes, glimpsed through half-open eyelids, was only the tired look of a sick girl. He claimed she was the only person in the world who had capitalized on anemia.

For six weeks Garbo was kept away from the studio. For five weeks she did nothing but absorb fresh salt air, California sunshine, and good food. During this time she gained nearly fifteen pounds. When she returned to the studio, radiant and full of the joy of living, the officials were worried for fear she had lost the languorous appeal that had fascinated the world.

The few persons allowed on the *Love* set declared that the Garbo-Gilbert romance was on again in full swing, and that the stars were again living their love scenes and not acting them. Calloused property men, scene shifters, and electricians stood spellbound when Jack took Greta in his arms. They declared, with pardonable exaggeration, that the air around the set was charged with passion.

While Garbo had been struggling with a new contract, a love affair, work, and illness, things had not gone well with Mauritz Stiller. Hollywood did not seem to appreciate his foreign ideas of direction. He decided to go back to Sweden. When he left, his protégée, the girl without whom he had refused to come to the film capital, did not return with him. The spotlight of the world had been turned upon her. Greta Garbo was now famous all over the world.

CHAPTER V

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER announced that Greta Garbo and Jack Gilbert would not co-star in their next picture.

Perhaps they were afraid these two temperamental and strong-willed stars would have difficulty finishing a picture together, particularly if they happened to have emotional difficulties before it was completed.

Her countryman, the famous Lars Hanson, direct from the Royal Dramatic Theater in Stockholm, had been chosen as Garbo's leading man, in her next picture, *Divine Women*. Lars, who had worked with Greta in *Gösta Berling's Saga*, had finally been persuaded to come to Hollywood to go into pictures.

I went out to the studio to give Garbo an

interview while she was making this picture. I waited for her on the edge of the set where she and Lars Hanson were enacting a scene in a street in Paris. It was a street paved with cobblestones and lined with quaint shops. Gendarmes sauntered up and down the narrow pavement.

There came a shy little French girl and a young officer walking slowly down the street. They paused in a doorway. The officer asked a frowsy innkeeper for lodgings. The girl looked up shyly at the officer. She hesitated a moment, raised up on her toes, and kissed him on the cheek. Then she hurried past him, up the stairs. "Cut," shouted the director.

Garbo, wrapped in the long, high-collared cape she wore in the picture, picked her way across the rough cobblestones to join me. Extras, electricians, and carpenters followed her with their eyes.

"Let's go to my dressing room," she said as she led the way to a tiny house on wheels that stood at the edge of the set. "It is very small, but I guess we two can get into it. Here we can be alone."

These little dressing rooms on wheels are furnished for stars in order to give them every possible convenience and comfort while on the set. Wherever the star is working, indoors or out, her own little house is drawn up to the edge of the set.

Instead of waiting about in the drafty studio or glare of the outdoor sun, Garbo ordinarily retired to the privacy of her boudoir.

In this boudoir was a dressing table laden with powders, lipstick, eyebrow pencil, and rouge. Above it was a mirror edged with electric lights.

The day's costumes were hanging on one side of the wall.

There was a comfortable couch upon which she could stretch out and relax. A small chair completed the furnishings.

Now she lay back on the couch and closed her eyes for a moment, her long lashes brushing her cheeks. Her pale gold hair was drawn back tightly into a bunch of curls at the nape of her neck. Her body was relaxed, as graceful as a panther's.

I was there to find out, if possible, if she in-

tended to marry Jack Gilbert. I commenced by asking her what she thought of American men.

"I will be very frank with you," she said, sitting up and clasping her knees with her hands. "The only American I have gone out with at all is Mr. Gilbert. Many things have been written about my friendship with Mr. Gilbert. But it is only a friendship. I will never marry. My work absorbs me. I have time for nothing else.

"But I think that Jack Gilbert is one of the finest men I have ever known. He is a real gentleman. He has temperament. He gets excited. Sometimes he has much to say." She smiled as she said this. "But that is good. I am very happy when I am told that I am to do a picture with Mr. Gilbert. He is a great artist. He lifts me up and carries me along with him. It is not scenes I am doing—I am living."

As far as I know that is the nearest Greta Garbo ever came to discussing her feelings towards Jack Gilbert.

Although Lars Hanson and his wife (who was famous on the Swedish stage as Karen Noland) had met Garbo many times in Sweden when she

and Lars worked in pictures, Garbo showed no inclination to be neighborly with them over here.

Their cottage in Santa Monica was only a short walk from Garbo's apartment, but she never stopped in to chat with them. Once she attended a breakfast the Hansons gave for a few of their countrymen.

"Garbo never had friends with whom she chummed around in Stockholm," said Mrs. Hanson. "When we knew her she was devoted to Mauritz Stiller. He seemed to be the only person with whom she cared to associate."

About this time an article was published in which the author claimed to psycho-analyze Garbo. The writer thought that the star was an introvert—a person born with a nature that draws her away from the world into a world of her own imagination and dreams. He said such a person was never a good mixer or friendly to the multitudes, and that in the Middle Ages such a woman often became a nun and retired from the world to the cloisters.

He said that Garbo definitely belonged to that group of people; that by nature she was shy,

withdrawn, aloof, lonely; that it was not a pose. It was something with which she had been born.

At any rate, Garbo appeared to be a one-man woman. For years she devoted herself to Mauritz Stiller. Then Jack Gilbert seemed to be the only person with whom she cared to associate.

But Jack was a friendly soul. There were times when he wanted some of his old friends around him.

Then Greta Garbo would sometimes refuse to join his parties. That caused argument. Days would pass, and Jack would neither see nor hear from the star.

When *The Divine Woman* was released audiences adored Greta Garbo as the little French girl who showered passionate kisses on her soldier lover. She did some splendid acting, both as the little girl and later as the great singer. She proved that she could wield the Garbo magic without the inspiration of Jack Gilbert.

Conrad Nagel was chosen as her leading man in her next picture, *The Mysterious Lady*. In this picture she was a beautiful Russian spy who lured men on to ruin. The love scenes were laden

with passion. But the public were clamoring for another Garbo-Gilbert picture.

The producers announced that in her next picture, *A Woman of Affairs*, taken from Michael Arlen's story, *The Green Hat*, Jack Gilbert would be her leading man. That was to be the last picture Greta and he were to make together.

Garbo was anxious to make *A Woman of Affairs*. It was to be her first portrayal of a modern American girl. While the story had romance running through it, it was not filled with the passionate, exotic type of love-making that had been seen all through her other pictures.

Garbo and Gilbert had several scenes heavy with romance. But the fact that their own relations were in a perpetual state of turmoil seemed to detract from the glamour of their love-making. The public seemed to sense that the Garbo-Gilbert romance was coming to an end.

Hollywood could not keep track of the affair. It was a case of "Off again, on again."

She soon started work in *Wild Orchids*, with the Swedish actor, Nils Asther, as her leading man. The studio announced that at its comple-

tion Garbo would visit her native land. There were rumors that this might be Garbo's last picture in Hollywood.

Newspapers were printing stories that Garbo, because of her accent, was through in Hollywood now that the talkies were sweeping the country.

When sound first became a part of pictures, the general verdict around Hollywood was: "The foreign players are through. They were good when the public couldn't hear them talk. But imagine Pola Negri, with her accent, trying to play in an American talkie!"

One by one the foreign stars were sent home. Even the great Emil Jannings decided that he would not be able to talk in an American picture.

At that early stage of the sound screen the producers were not making their pictures in two or three foreign versions, as they are doing now.

It was generally known that Garbo spoke with a pronounced Swedish accent. It was doubted that she would be able to overcome it.

A few days before she was to leave for Stockholm, I talked to Greta Garbo again.

Our appointment was on the set of *Wild*

Orchids, then in process of production. She was doing a scene with Lewis Stone, who, in the picture, was her husband. The set was a state-room on an ocean liner. It was night, and the husband was sleeping peacefully. Garbo, the wife, was tossing restlessly upon her bed. She was gorgeously dressed in orchid satin pajamas. Stealthily she slipped out of bed, wrapped a silken robe about her slender body, and stole from the room. The scene was taken over and over.

Finally she came out and sat down beside me on an old couch that was standing on the edge of the set.

"I guess we can have a few minutes before I continue my struggles on that bed," she said wearily. "It is almost impossible for me to keep my mind on all this. I did not want to make this picture before I went to Sweden. There is not enough time. My mind is running about the shops buying clothes and presents for this one and that one. But the studio made me do it."

It was cold in the big studio, and someone came over and offered her a wrap to throw over

her light silken garments. But she shook her head, saying, "I am not cold."

Evidently she was no longer suffering from anemia.

"Now that I am really going home I can hardly wait to get there. I will be home for Christmas. Christmas in Sweden is wonderful. I adore the great piles of snow. Everyone says I will freeze after living so long in California. But I will love it."

When I remarked that her English was excellent she asked eagerly, "Have I much accent? It is hard for me to tell. I do hope I will be all right for the talkies."

That was the first intimation Garbo had given that she even wanted to do a sound picture. Her statement also proved that she intended to return to Hollywood.

It was surprising how little accent Garbo now had. Occasionally there was a word that gave away her nationality, but they were rare. With a few more months of studying, it was easy to see that she would be speaking English as fluently as any native.

With the star off the scene, all work before the camera had stopped. The director kept looking our way. It was obvious that we were holding up the picture. Greta laughed. "I think we are costing them a lot of money," she said as she settled herself more comfortably.

We talked about Lars Hanson and his wife, who had returned to Sweden. Her face saddened when I mentioned her sister, who had died a year after Garbo's arrival in Hollywood. "It has been hard to believe that she is really gone. When I get home I will find that it is true."

Hollywood often spoke of Mauritz Stiller, who was reported to have lost all interest in his work since his return to Sweden without Garbo. Everyone knew that one of Garbo's reasons for going back to Stockholm was to see this old friend of hers, who had been ailing for months.

"I owe all of my success to Mr. Stiller," she said that day. "If it were not for him I would not be here now."

Hollywood had heard that at last Garbo was interested in buying herself a smart wardrobe. Evidently she wanted to return to her native

land looking like a famous motion-picture star.

Lilyan Tashman, who is called one of the best dressed actresses of the screen, was helping her select her wardrobe. Greta and Lilyan had become friends, as Lilyan and her husband, Edmund Lowe, were close friends of Jack Gilbert.

"She really has bought some divine things," said Lilyan to me during this time. "Several smart tweed traveling suits, two lovely velvet dresses, heavenly evening gowns in which Garbo will look—well, as only Garbo can look. She bought a gorgeous gray fur coat. Greta says she will live in fur over there.

"We have had a lot of fun shopping. She can't tell real lace from machine made. She will turn to me and ask, 'How do you *know* it is hand made, Tashman?'

"When she sees something that strikes her fancy she will say, 'That is going back to Sweden.'"

Three days after I had talked to Garbo she received a telegram announcing the death of Mauritz Stiller. It was delivered to her just as

she finished a highly wrought scene with Nils Asther.

One of the men who saw her read the message said, "I thought she was going to faint. She turned as white as death. Slowly she walked over to the other side of the building, as though she did not know what she was doing. She stood there with her hands pressed against her eyes. Then she pulled herself together and went on with her love-making."

A few days later Garbo slipped quietly out of Hollywood. She traveled to New York under an alias. She left the train before it arrived in the city, motored in and registered at the obscure little hotel where she and Mauritz Stiller had stayed when they first arrived in New York, four years before.

Only one reporter got an interview with Garbo on this trip. He found that she was sailing on the SS. *Kungsholm* and waited for her in her state-room. She condescended to give him a few words before she locked herself in.

CHAPTER VI

SHE found a wedding party of Swedish royalty on shipboard. Count Bernadotte, cousin to the Crown Prince of Sweden, was returning to his native land with his American bride. With him were several friends and relatives.

A few months before, she had refused to attend a dinner given for a prince of Sweden when he was visiting Hollywood. "He wouldn't think of dining with me in Stockholm, why should I dine with him in Hollywood?" it was said she asked when given the invitation. But she must have been influenced by the feeling of camaraderie that always exists on shipboard. At any rate, during the voyage she met the royal party. She danced with Prince Sigvard, brother of the Crown Prince. Garbo, who four years before left her native land poor and unknown,

was returning rich and famous, dancing with a prince of her own country.

Garbo was met at Gothenburg by her mother, Mrs. Gustafsson, her brother Swen, and her childhood chum, Mrs. Lundell and Mr. Lundell. Mrs. Lundell was Greta's friend Mimi Polack, who had married while Garbo had been away.

Unknown to Garbo, Mr. Lundell had brought a photographer with him. Pictures were taken of Garbo kissing and embracing her mother. Photographs were caught of Garbo alighting from her train. When Garbo and her mother sat down at a table to celebrate their reunion with a bottle of champagne, another picture was taken. Later these photographs were shown throughout Sweden. Garbo was annoyed. But what could she do? Her best friend's husband had thought he was being kind and thoughtful to arrange pictures of the great star's homecoming.

Mrs. Gustafsson still lived simply in the old part of town, content to sit by her fireside visiting with old friends. Greta wanted to be near the theaters and the shops and the smart life of the city.

She took an apartment in Stockholm at Karlbergsvage 52. It had been the home of two Swedish celebrities, Lars Hanson, the actor, and Victor Seastrom, the director, both of whom had made names for themselves in Hollywood.

Garbo soon discovered that Stockholm, like Hollywood, New York, and every other city under the sun, was filled with people anxious to see and talk to a famous screen star.

Her telephone rang day and night, and most of the calls came from total strangers. Finally she had the telephone disconnected.

Garbo found that she could not even go out for a walk without attracting a crowd. People stared at her and followed her about wherever she went. Whenever she entered a store she was surrounded by curious strangers. She had not expected this sort of a reception in her native city. She had even less privacy in Stockholm than in Hollywood. It took much of the pleasure from her homecoming.

Every day she was besieged by interviewers. "I have come home for a vacation. I will not be annoyed seeing them," was her answer. One day

the maid told her there were two young girls crying in the hall outside of her apartment. They said they would lose their positions on the newspaper if they could not get an interview with Garbo. But she would not see them.

Soon after her arrival the daily newspapers commenced to print the inevitable and annoying bits of gossip about the star.

After New Year's Eve, much space was devoted to Garbo's appearance at a smart café with Prince Sigvard, whom she had met on the boat.

The Prince, with his friend Wilhelm Sorensen, after a formal dinner at the royal palace, had slipped over to the Hôtel Strand to join the gay crowds celebrating the coming of the New Year.

When the Prince saw Garbo sitting at one of the tables, he and Sorensen joined her over a bottle of champagne.

Garbo was soon discovered by Lars Hanson and a party who were giving a midnight supper in one of the private rooms. Everyone in the dining room started gossiping when Garbo, the Prince, and Sorensen joined this party.

The next morning the newspapers carried stories of the public appearance of the Prince with the motion-picture actress. The New Year's supper was described, in the usual jargon of journalism, as very gay, with Garbo the toast of the evening.

That was the beginning of the gossip about Garbo and the Prince. Someone was always seeing them out together. Sorensen, who resembles the Prince, was constantly mistaken for him. But it was Sorensen, not Prince Sigvard, who was seen escorting Garbo around the city and going to and from her apartment.

The one other time that Garbo and Prince Sigvard appeared in public together was at a musical review. The audience saw the Swedish star and Sorensen come in together and take seats in the middle of the house. A few minutes later the Prince, accompanied by his escort, took seats next to Garbo. That evening the audience was more interested in Garbo and her companions than in the review.

The newspapers began to print all the news they could gather about the picture star. When

Jack Gilbert tried to get her on the telephone (the connection was so poor they could not talk), the papers figured out exactly how much it would have cost Mr. Gilbert per minute and second to chat with his fellow star across the thousands of miles that stretched between Stockholm and Hollywood.

When Garbo joined a house party at the country estate of Count Wachmeister, south of Stockholm, a detailed description of her keen delight in the winter sports was given. It was said she was the gayest of the gay crowd that gathered around the Count's dinner table.

Mention was made of her every attendance at the theater. Much space was given to the visit she made to Stockholm's film city, Rasunda, and of her meeting with her old friend Alex Nilsson.

Much was made, too, over her meeting with the well known European actor Carl Brisson. He had known her when she was Greta Gustafsson, a pupil at the Dramatic School, and he did not recognize her as the great star. To him, the papers said, she was only the grown-up little girl whom he had known studying at the Dra-

matic Theater. There was a dramatic story of his astonishment when he was told that the former Greta Gustafsson was now the great Greta Garbo.

While Garbo occasionally attended the theater or dined in public, she spent most of her time with an intimate group of friends, just as she does in Hollywood.

Stockholm resented the fact that she would give no interviews to her native city. Not knowing what to say about her, gossip and rumor took the place of authentic news.

Tales of her phenomenal success in America were whispered about town. Her queer habits of living alone and refusing to associate with the crowds were discussed in awed tones.

Garbo, true to form, refused to explain why she did this or did not do that. It made no difference to her whether she was in Hollywood or Stockholm. She did as Garbo wanted to do, and not as the world wanted Garbo to do.

When the time drew near for her to return to America, Stockholm vowed she would not slip unobserved out of the city, as she had entered it.

The newspapers were determined to get a good-bye story and farewell pictures of their famous native daughter. Every day there were reporters checking up on the star's movements.

Garbo instructed her maid to answer all persons who inquired about the date of her departure with "Miss Garbo left to-day for Hollywood."

It takes a day to go from Stockholm to Gothenburg, the port where the boat sails for the United States. As a result of this information, the press were kept busy trying to confirm the maid's report.

Finally the day for Garbo's departure arrived. She had been able to keep her boat reservation a secret. It looked as though she would get away without having to face curious, prying crowds and reporters' cameras.

She and her mother said their farewells in her mother's apartment. Then Greta, her chum, and Sorensen slipped on the train bound for Gothenburg. A few hours out Garbo jumped to her feet and exclaimed, "My God! I forgot to tell my maid to *not* say that to-day I have started for Hollywood. What will I do?"

Sorensen got out at the next stop and wired the maid to say nothing to the reporters who called. But he was too late. She had already told one of them that Miss Garbo was on her way to America.

The reporter immediately checked up on the information and found it to be correct. His paper got in touch with Gothenburg. The news there spread like wildfire. When Garbo's train pulled into the station there were thousands of people waiting to see her.

She was frantic. The one thing that she had worked so hard to avoid had happened. Her last day in Sweden was to be marred by seething crowds of strangers.

When the train stopped Sorensen pleaded with the conductor to let them out through the car door not facing the station. Garbo added her pleas to Sorensen's. The conductor, who recognized the star, laughingly helped them scramble over baggage and out the back way.

With the train between them and the waiting crowds, the party ran down a side street, hailed a cab, and hurried to a hotel.

The mob milled about the railroad station for a long time, hunting for the star, but they realized at last that she had given them the slip, and when the train pulled out of the station they left in disgust.

In the meantime Garbo and her friends had hurried to a hotel. While the two girls waited in the background, in order to conceal their identity, Sorensen registered the party as Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Sorensen.

The Sorensen family is well known all over Sweden. Mr. Sorensen senior is a millionaire lumberman and box manufacturer, one of Stockholm's influential citizens. He and his family are close friends of the royal family.

The Sorensens often stopped in Gothenburg on the way to their big country estate, a short distance from that city. The reporters soon learned that Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Sorensen had registered at the hotel. No one had seen any of the family get off the train. They knew that Garbo had spent much of her time in Stockholm with the young son of the family. Their suspicion as to the identity of the Sorensen family was aroused.

Soon the telephone in the hotel suite taken by the "Sorensens" was ringing, and someone wanted to speak to Miss Sorensen. The man's voice who answered the telephone curtly replied, "She is not here." The reporter, who had telephoned, laughed, "Then it is Miss Garbo." Bang went the receiver, and central could get no more answers from that suite that day.

Finally, tired of being shut up in their suite, the three ventured forth to do some shopping. They found the lobby of the hotel packed with people, for word had gone out that the motion-picture star was there. They hesitated for a moment, not knowing whether to turn back or to push through the mob. When Garbo saw a dozen cameras leveled on her, she dashed through the lobby and out into the street, so quickly that no one was able to get a picture of her.

The three friends hurried to a flower shop, three blocks away from the hotel. For a few seconds they thought they had eluded the throng. But soon, through the large plate-glass window, they saw people running from every direction.

In a few minutes the street in front of the little shop was packed with people.

"My God!" wailed Garbo. "Let's get out of here before we are crushed."

When the trio stepped outside, the crowd separated, and like magic a narrow lane was made through which the star led her friends.

As soon as they had passed through this curious throng, Garbo and her friends started to half run and half walk. The mob broke into a canter. Then Garbo and her friends, panic-stricken, commenced to run. The crowd ran also. Their feet pounding against the pavement sounded like a thundering herd of cattle.

Breathless and terrified, the three friends were glad to get back to the shelter of their suite at the hotel.

They did not dare go out again that day although Garbo had planned to do some last-minute shopping in Gothenburg. It was out of the question for her to think of entering a store.

They had all looked forward to attending the theater that evening. After staying shut up in their suite for hours they decided to venture

forth. The crowds in the lobby had left. Garbo was not recognized until she was seated in the theater. Then everyone in the audience commenced to buzz and crane their necks.

Towards the end of the performance one of the company came out on the stage and announced that the theater was honored by having the famous motion-picture actress, Greta Garbo, in the audience. He invited her to come up on the stage and say a few words of greeting to her countrymen.

"My God!" whispered Garbo. "What will I do? This is terrible." However, she stood up, bowing and smiling in every direction. When she sat down pandemonium broke loose. "Speech, speech," echoed all over the theater.

"Come on," whispered Garbo, grabbing hold of her friends. The trio hurried up the aisle and back stage. But instead of going out before the footlights Garbo pushed her friends through a side door and into the street. Before the audience knew what had happened the star and her friends were back at their hotel.

For nearly an hour the audience waited for

Garbo to appear. Finally, when they were convinced that Garbo had disappeared, they left.

The morning newspapers were full of sarcastic stories about Greta Garbo and her attempts to snub her own countrymen. One editor wrote: "You may want to see Greta Garbo after the scurvy trick she played on us at the theater last night. But I would not walk across the street to see her. However, in case you would like to have one more glimpse of the movie actress before she leaves, go down to the steamship *Kungsholm*. She is sailing on it to-day for America."

Everyone in Gothenburg apparently wanted to have one last look at the movie actress. Hours before the boat was due to sail the pier was packed with people. When Garbo and her friends went on board, even the decks of the boat were thronged.

The trio hurried into the shelter of the star's stateroom, from which Garbo refused to come out. She had had all she wanted of Gothenburg crowds.

A few minutes before sailing time Sorensen was seen crossing the upper deck. Then, like a

scene from a motion-picture play, Garbo came running after him. She was crying, and the mascara from her eyelashes had smeared her cheeks. The great star threw her arms about the youth and, oblivious to the thousands of people milling around the boat, they bade each other good-bye. Then Garbo turned and hurried back to her stateroom, while Sorensen slowly and hesitatingly made his way through the crowds to the shore.

Greta Garbo once more was on her way to Hollywood. This time she was alone.

CHAPTER VII

HOLLYWOOD could get no information as to when Garbo would return from Sweden. The studio claimed they did not know. No one seemed sure that she would return at all. There had been no news about what she was doing in Europe.

Finally word arrived that she had slipped quietly into New York. While there she dined with James Quirk, editor of *Photoplay*, but she would give no information for publication. Garbo had started her now famous policy of "No more interviews."

One of Hollywood's best publicity stunts is meeting a star upon her return from abroad. That is the time when studio officials and the brass band come out in full force. A star's home-

coming is good for front spreads in all the daily newspapers. She is photographed as she steps from the train saying, usually, "In all the world there is no place like Hollywood."

It was reported that Garbo got off the train at San Bernardino, about sixty-five miles out from Hollywood, and that Jack Gilbert was there with his car to meet her and bring her back in such a way that she could avoid the unwelcome fanfare and gaping crowds of an official welcome.

Greta seemed happy to be again in Hollywood and with Jack Gilbert. California looked like a paradise to her now.

So successful was her secret entry that she had been in the film capital several days before it was generally known that she had arrived. Then it was discovered that Greta had not taken up her abode in her former modest apartment at the Miramar in Santa Monica. Instead she had gone directly to the big and fashionable Beverly Hills Hotel at Beverly Hills.

No one saw her around the hotel, except when she passed through the lobby to and from the elevator. Not once did she eat in the main dining

room with the other guests. All of her meals taken at the hotel were sent to her room.

Again Hollywood heard that Garbo was spending much of her time at Gilbert's house on the hill, but a few weeks later Jack took Ina Claire home as his new wife, and that chapter of romance was closed.

It was not long before it became known around town that Garbo was living at the hotel, and the ubiquitous throng of admirers appeared daily in the lobby, trying to catch a glimpse of her. People were continually trying to get her on the telephone, with misplaced but hopeful optimism.

One morning a young girl called at the desk inquiring for the star. As instructed, the clerk answered that she was not in. This particular girl was persistent and tried to find out when she would be in. Getting no satisfaction, she sat down in the lobby and proceeded to wait. Little attention was paid to her. She must have sat there all day long scanning the faces of every person who left or entered the hotel.

Late in the afternoon Garbo came down,

walked through the lobby, and out to her car that was waiting at the front door. Just as the car was gathering speed at the end of the circular drive in front of the hotel, this girl sprang from the shrubbery and threw herself under the wheels. Fortunately the driver was able to stop before the girl was injured.

Garbo was terribly upset. She shuddered to think of what might have happened to the girl had the driver not been able to stop the car. She knew that public opinion would have blamed her for refusing to see the girl had she been killed or badly injured. She decided to move from the hotel and hide herself away from the world. She was determined that she would find some spot where she could live in peace, away from the annoyance of strangers.

It was then that Hollywood lost track of Greta Garbo.

It was soon known that she had moved from the Beverly Hills Hotel, but where she had gone no one knew. She could not be located at any of the beaches. The studio claimed they did not know where she was living. They said that all

their messages to her were delivered through her business manager. The impossible had happened. Garbo had succeeded in hiding herself away from Hollywood—from its reporters and celebrity-mad visitors.

No one could get to Garbo at the studio. The publicity department announced that their Swedish star would grant no more interviews. They said she had nothing to say about her trip to Sweden.

No information about Garbo was given out until she started work on her first new picture *The Single Standard*. The only information given out then was an announcement of the story that was starting production, and a list of the names of the players supporting the star.

Her countryman, Nils Asther, was to be her leading man. Their friendship, strengthened perhaps by the bond of a kindred tongue, augured well for the success of the picture. Occasionally they visited Lake Arrowhead together.

Lake Arrowhead is a resort high up in the mountains back of San Bernardino. The lake

was made by damming a deep canyon and storing in it the water from the melting snows and cold springs that flow down the mountain sides. This water supplies the many little villages and orange ranches in the valley below.

Virgin pine forests grow up to the edge of this artificial lake. Little settlements made of log cabins, rented by the day or week or month, nestle among the tall trees. Each settlement has its own restaurants, stores, and dance halls. There is a large and luxurious hotel close to the water's edge, for those who want to live in the grand style. Across the lake is a lodge, well run but simple. Fast motor boats carry guests around the lake. A road, winding through the pine forest, circles it. When Greta visits Lake Arrowhead she chooses the quiet and seclusion of the Lodge.

Here she spends lazy hours drifting about in a rowboat on the lake or stretched out in one of the hammocks under the pine trees. She rides for miles over the trails, where the pine needles cover the earth like a carpet. She hikes for hours through the pine forests. Lake Arrowhead is one

of Garbo's favorite retreats from the glare of Hollywood.

Hollywood never has taken the friendship between Nils Asther and Greta Garbo the way Hollywood usually takes friendships. The two are old friends, getting together occasionally for a visit about old friends in their native land. Hollywood, sensible for once, thought nothing of seeing them together.

Soon after Garbo's return from Sweden she received an invitation to a masquerade ball given by Basil Rathbone and his wife on April 27, 1929, at the Beverly Hills Hotel. For some unknown reason it suited the star's fancy to attend this big party to which all the élite of filmdom had been invited.

During the evening many of the stars were trying to guess the identity of the tall, slender lad who came dressed as Hamlet. His smart costume of short black satin trousers and satin blouse with full sleeves and circular collar caused much comment. When one inquisitive masker tried to pull the little pointed dagger from his belt, Hamlet grabbed the hilt as

though he were about to plunge his knife into his assailant's breast.

It must have amused the Swedish star, disguised as the melancholy Dane, to move unknown in this crowd of youth and beauty, speaking to people who she knew were gossiping about her, people who she knew had repeatedly pleaded to meet her. After the party many of the stars remembered having talked to the quiet, mysterious Hamlet.

Few noticed when Hamlet disappeared, but when photographs taken of the party were printed, it was found that the melancholy Dane was not among the guests.

A few days after this party the studio gave out the information that their star, with a company of thirty-one men, would film scenes for *The Single Standard* on an old lumber boat, anchored off Catalina Island.

Catalina Island is a two-hour boat trip from the Los Angeles harbor. The clear, quiet water that laps its shore, with its excellent bathing and marvelous deep-sea fishing, is known all over the world. It is on this fairylike island and

in the sparkling water of the deep bay that most of the sea pictures are made. Location on Catalina Island means a holiday.

After long hours before the camera the actors find amusement in the town of Avalon. There are theaters, dance pavilions, motor rides, smart hotels. At night fast speed boats cut through the water, flashing beacons of light on the flying fish that flee before them.

Garbo was happy when she heard that many of the scenes in *The Single Standard* would be taken at Catalina. But it was not the gay life that attracted her. It was the quiet and peace that she knew she could find in any of the little bays nestled around the bend from Avalon.

The old boat that was to serve as background for the picture and home for the players, cameramen, electricians, and the many people who take part in the making of any big picture, was loaded with scenery, costumes, cameras, lights, and food and headed for Catalina.

One morning the tourists, out looking at the wonders of the bottom of the sea through the glass-bottomed boats that ply along the shores

of the island, were told that the big boat anchored in the offing was "shooting" scenes for a great production.

Garbo enjoyed that trip. When the big crew sat down to the long wooden table where they ate their meals, Garbo was one of them. She was the life of the party. Dressed in the white duck trousers and sweater she wore in the picture, she ran all over the boat from sail locker to engine room, laughing and joking with everyone.

Whenever she had a rest between scenes, she would hurry into her bathing suit, have a boat lowered, and row alone out for a mile or so into the ocean. There she would stay so long that those on board would become worried for fear she had drowned or a shark had gotten her. But eventually Garbo, gay and smiling, would be seen heading her boat towards home.

Anchored off the lovely island, she completely forgot the outside world. She didn't care to go on shore. She didn't even want to read a newspaper.

In the meantime Jack was escorting Ina

Claire about the film colony, and one morning Hollywood was all agog over the headlines in the morning papers that Jack Gilbert and Ina Claire had eloped by airplane to Las Vegas, Nevada, and been married. "It couldn't be!" filmland gasped. "Jack wouldn't marry anyone but his divine Garbo."

But Jack and Ina were actually married. When interviewed they said they flew to Nevada because they could not bear to wait the three days necessary in Hollywood before they could wed.

The newspapers busied themselves at once. A reporter chartered a plane and flew to Catalina to get Garbo's reaction to Jack's marriage.

Garbo had not seen a newspaper for days. She didn't even know that her friend Jack Gilbert had fallen in love with Ina Claire. She and Jack had had a quarrel. She had made up her mind never to see him again.

It was easy for the newspaper man to get to Garbo. On board ship she was so completely relaxed and happy that she was not looking for reporters. When this man handed her a news-

paper with flaming headlines across the front page, proclaiming to the world that Jack Gilbert and Ina Claire had eloped, Garbo eagerly read the article. Then she thanked the reporter for his newspaper, said she was glad to know that Mr. Gilbert was happy, turned around, and walked off.

Garbo hated the publicity she received in connection with Jack's marriage. The papers were full of stories about Jack jilting Greta, and yarns without basis that she was heart-broken.

Magazine writers and newspaper reporters tried to get her story. She refused to see any of them. She refused to deny or confirm the ridiculous stories that were being broadcast everywhere. With consummate good sense she ignored them all.

When the company returned to the studio for work, Garbo would issue no statement about Mr. Gilbert, even through the studio.

After the flurry had died down she completely withdrew herself from Hollywood. It was rumored that she had taken a house somewhere

in Beverly Hills, but no one could find out where that house was.

The studio swallowed her in the daytime while she was working. She disappeared like a phantom into the night after her work was done.

If she had any friends, no one knew who they were, except those friends themselves, and they refused to speak.

It was through one of her friends that I came to learn about Greta Garbo's life in Hollywood. That life has long remained a mystery. Because it is a life so essentially sane and wholesome and unassuming, and because many of the people who have acclaimed Greta Garbo the greatest of all screen actresses are interested in learning something of the real Garbo, I have tried to tell it here. It is not the record that certain books on Hollywood life and habits would lead one to expect.

CHAPTER VIII

WHEN Garbo decided to leave the Beverly Hills Hotel she decided that she could find privacy only in a home of her own. She had never had one before. She was as inexperienced in house-keeping as a schoolgirl, but she was determined to find a house where she could bar all strangers from her doors.

First of all she wanted a house on a quiet and secluded street. Two bedrooms, one for herself and one for her servants, were all that she needed, for she never had company.

She wanted an outdoor swimming pool. She loved her daily swim and had missed it since moving away from the beach.

Then she wanted a garden where she could lie around in the sun.

Her business manager looked at several houses for her. Finally he discovered one not far from the Beverly Hills Hotel that seemed to meet all requirements. As soon as Garbo saw it she was ready to move in.

It was then that she took a lease on the house located at 1027 Chevy Chase Drive, Beverly Hills, her first home.

It was one of the many attractive little homes tucked quietly away near the Hollywood hills. Jack Gilbert's house looked down on hers from a hill not far away.

The house itself was of Spanish design, made of stucco and roofed with red tiles. With the porte-cochère, it stretched almost across the lot. The front windows were nearly hidden by a heavy growth of shrubbery and vines, and the garden at the rear was entirely surrounded by a high cement wall over which roses climbed. Near the back wall was a swimming pool. Several lemon trees made a delightful shade. Two wings of the house extended out on either side into the garden, forming an open patio in the center. A tile roof extended out over this patio, screened

by a profusion of roses and vines. There was an alley at the back, into which the garage opened.

The one objection to the place was the two-story houses that stood close to the wall adjoining the lot on either side. The upstairs windows in each of these homes looked down into the walled-in garden. But houses without neighbors are almost impossible to find. Garbo was delighted with the garden. She decided it was just the place for her to hide away from the world.

The house itself was large and roomy, with a spacious entrance hall from which stairs led up to the two bedrooms above. This hall opened into the living room which ran the rest of the width of the house.

At the far end of the long room was a wide plate-glass window. On one side of this window stood a baby grand piano; on the other, a victrola. A long Spanish library table stood under the center of the three windows that faced the street. Just across from this table, in the middle of the side of the wall, was a wide fireplace. A love seat stood at the right of the fireplace. A low, wide couch piled with cushions stood

directly in front of the fireplace. To the right of the big couch there was a large, square tile table. Several small tables and chairs stood about the room. Heavy red velvet draperies hung at the windows.

Grilled iron gates swung in a wide archway at the left of the fireplace that led into the dining room. The opposite side of the dining room had long windows that looked out into the patio and garden.

To the left of the dining room was the breakfast room and a hallway leading into the kitchen. Behind the kitchen the servants' bedroom and bath formed one of the rear wings of the house.

Back of the library, opening into the dining room, was a hall that led to a master bedroom, dressing room, and bath. This suite formed the other wing at the rear of the house and looked into the garden and patio. These were the quarters that Garbo chose for her own.

This room was furnished in heavy walnut, as though it were intended for the master of the house. A wide double bed stood on a raised platform against the center of the wall opposite the

patio. There were small tables standing at either side of the head of the bed, and heavy walnut dressers stood against the center of the two end walls.

Across the corner of the room on the side that looked out into the patio was a fireplace. Near the fireplace stood a stiff little couch covered with cretonne. A window on either side of the couch opened into the patio. Two chairs stood near the bed.

This was the room in which the mysterious Garbo was to sleep and dream for twelve months of her life.

When Garbo leased this house she applied to the Scandinavian Employment Agency in Los Angeles for a Swedish couple to manage it. She wanted a cook who could prepare real Swedish food. She wanted the cook's husband to take care of her lawn and swimming pool, drive her car, and act as a butler.

A young couple, Gustaf and Sigrid Norin, applied for the position. Both of them were natives of Sweden. They had been in the United States only a few years.

At first the agency thought these applicants were too young to take on so much responsibility. However, they were so intelligent and alert that they were sent out to interview Garbo.

Their first meeting with the star was on one of the big stages at the studio where she was doing a scene in *The Single Standard*. After asking a few questions in Swedish she offered them the position.

Garbo did not know that Gustaf and Sigrid had never before worked as servants. She was not told that they were a couple of young adventurers, with the husband out of a job, fascinated with the idea of keeping house for the famous motion-picture star.

Both Gustaf's parents had been on the stage since he could remember. No doubt Garbo would have been surprised had she known her chauffeur was the son of the famous swimmer and high diver Serne Nord.

Gustaf was educated in private schools in Stockholm. Occasionally his mother and father took him and his two little sisters on one of their tours to England or Germany. But as a rule they were left in private schools.

When he was fifteen years old he persuaded his parents to let him enter the Royal Dramatic School in Stockholm. There were two branches to that famous school. In one branch, pupils who had passed the board of censors were given instruction at the expense of the state. This was the school Greta Garbo attended. In the other branch younger pupils could get instruction by paying tuition. Gustaf entered the branch for younger pupils. Not long after he entered, his parents lost nearly all of their money through investments that had collapsed during the war.

His father gave him six hundred kroner, out of the little he had saved. Gustaf had long been attracted by the tales his parents told about the United States each time they returned from one of the many tours they made through it. Gustaf took his six hundred kroner and sailed for New York.

His great ambition was to get on the stage in New York. But this youngster, who knew scarcely a word of English, had little chance. He worked at all kinds of jobs to make a living.

Then he decided that he might be able to get into motion pictures—at that time the talkies were still an experiment—if he could only get to Hollywood. He worked his way across the United States to the film city.

But, like many before him, Gustaf found it difficult to get into pictures, but when he discovered that Mauritz Stiller was in Hollywood he felt that luck had at last come his way.

Gustaf had worked in several pictures for Stiller in Sweden. He felt certain that the great director would give him something to do.

Stiller recognized Gustaf the moment he stepped in the door. He was glad to see one of his countrymen with whom he could talk about Sweden. But he had started work on a picture, and all the rôles had been assigned. He could only assure Gustaf that he would find something for him in his next picture. Stiller never made another picture. Instead, he returned to Sweden, and Gustaf's one chance of close contact with someone on the inside of the motion-picture business was gone.

During this time Gustaf fell in love with a

young girl who had just come over from Sweden. They were married. For two years Gustaf was able to make a living. Then, suddenly it seemed, there was no work to be found. He felt that it would be no disgrace to work as a servant, but that it would certainly be one to ask his parents for help. When he found that Greta Garbo was looking for a Swedish couple to manage her home, he and his wife decided to apply for the job.

Gustaf had always liked to cook and had often helped his mother when she was home from her tours. Sigrid, like most Swedish girls, had been taught cooking and housekeeping. They were confident that they would be able to run the Garbo household.

They started work for Garbo in March, 1929, and remained with her until January of the following year.

Gustaf and Sigrid were the first people who lived with Garbo after she became famous. They were the only people who saw her in her home day after day. They were the only people who knew the real Greta Garbo away from the studio.

Often during the months they worked for the Swedish star writers plagued them for interviews. They were offered bribes if they would reveal what went on around them in the star's home. But they did not talk.

Gustaf and Sigrid moved into the house two days before Garbo was to arrive, in order to have everything in order for her.

But she was anxious to be settled in her new home and moved in a day before she was expected. Gustaf had not had time to lay in a supply of groceries. There was nothing in the house but ham and eggs.

"We didn't know what to give her for lunch," said Gustaf. "We had planned to have her first meal genuine Swedish cooking. We were so anxious to make a hit with her that first meal. But there was no time to go out and buy anything. So we served her ham and eggs." She ate them without comment.

Soon after her arrival Garbo called Gustaf and Sigrid in to give them their instructions.

Her first orders were that under no circumstances were either of them to tell anyone that

Greta Garbo lived in the house. She thought it would be a good plan to tell anyone who called that Mr. Norin lived there. The same answer was to be given to all telephone calls. For the present she wanted no one to know where she was living.

“She told us that we were to do all the buying for the house, but she expected us to keep the bills down. A hundred dollars a month was to be the limit on household expenses.

“We had kept house long enough to know that it would take scheming to do that, especially if there was any entertaining. However, we were anxious to please.

“Twice a week I drove to the Central Market in Los Angeles—a distance of about eight miles—where I bought a supply of canned goods, fish and meat and fruit.” This is a big market run on the cash-and-carry plan, where everything is sold at rock-bottom prices. By careful buying I kept food bills as low as eighty-five dollars a month for the first two months.

“But the very first month Garbo complained about the high bills. We thought we had done

pretty well, but we were willing to try to make them lower.

"I hated to skimp on the food. Swedish cooking takes plenty of thick cream and butter. Garbo was commencing to ask for certain Swedish dishes that called for imported groceries. It was a struggle to keep the bills down where she wanted them."

After the second month Gustaf gave up trying. Garbo complained about the high bills no matter what they were. They found that she didn't realize how much it took to run a house.

"We found we couldn't please her, no matter how we schemed. She scolded on general principles. It was a comedy at the end of each month. So I commenced shopping in Hollywood and Beverly Hills. The bills shot up to a hundred and twenty-five dollars a month, sometimes more.

"A few days after we took charge of her house, Garbo handed me fifty dollars in cash and a little black book. She said the money was to make purchases for her from time to time. I was to get a receipt for everything I bought. Then I was to enter every purchase, with the date it was

bought, in the little black book. Each receipt was to be pinned on the page of its entry.

“At the end of the month Garbo went over this book, drawing a line through each item and receipt as she checked them off. Believe me, I saw to it that they balanced to a cent.

“She checked over all bills at the end of the month. Don’t ever let anyone tell you that Greta Garbo doesn’t know how to handle money.”

With the fifty dollars that Garbo handed Gustaf each week, he did most of her personal shopping. He bought everything, from magazines and drugs to shoes and pajamas.

This young couple soon found that the Swedish star didn’t go in for flamboyance. She was not particular how her meals were served. When she was alone, as she generally was, she had her food brought to her wherever she happened to be. If she was in the garden, she ate there. If in her bedroom, it was there she ate. When it was cold she had her dinner served on the tile table in the living room, drawn up in front of the fireplace. She always ate her breakfast in bed.

There were no set times for meals. The only time a schedule was adhered to was when she was working.

She left a call for seven o'clock in the morning, when she was due at the studio at nine. But she never got right up.

About a quarter-past seven she would stroll through the kitchen on her way to the swimming pool and order her breakfast. She always ate a hearty meal in the morning.

"Garbo's favorite breakfast was orange juice or grapefruit, creamed dried chipped beef, fried potatoes, an egg, home-made coffee cake, and coffee. She usually asked for that menu at least three times a week, sometimes oftener. At other times she would order fruit, ham and eggs, coffee cake, and coffee. Occasionally she took a light breakfast of fruit, cereal, coffee cake, and coffee.

"Garbo always enjoyed her morning swim. She would race back and forth across that tank like a race horse. She would dive and swim under water like a fish.

"After twenty minutes or so in the pool she would run into her bedroom, get into her pa-

jamás, and jump back into bed. Then she was ready for breakfast."

Gustaf always did all the waiting on Garbo. From the start it was Gustaf and not Sigrid whom Greta called.

"I would bring her breakfast into her bedroom on a pink enamel tray that she had had me buy for her at a hardware store in Hollywood. There were no lace doilies or dainty napkins on Garbo's tray. The plainer the better for her.

"For breakfast she used a set of dishes that Emil Jannings gave her when he and his family left for Europe. It was a heavy set of china decorated with flowers in red, blue, and yellow.

"On the tray were always the two morning papers, the *Los Angeles Times* and the *Los Angeles Examiner*. She would turn to the theatrical section of each of the papers, to see if there were any news items of her. If she found any, she would cut or tear them out and put them away in the drawer of one of the little tables at the head of her bed. Later she would hand these clippings to her business manager to be pasted in a scrapbook.

"After the tray I brought in her pets and put them on her bed. She had a chow dog, Fimsy, given to her by Ruth Jannings, Emil's daughter, when she left for Europe. There were also Polly the parrot and two little black cats.

"The cats were her favorites. They were two little alley tramps that I picked up in a plaster shop one day and brought home. She named the little one 'Pinten,' a Swedish name which means 'half pint.' The larger one she called 'Big Pint' and 'Mira.'

"This menagerie would walk all over her bed, the parrot jabbering and laughing, the kittens trying to steal food from Garbo's tray. She always let them lick the butter from the plates when she had finished eating. While they were eating Polly always tried to steal up and nip their tails, much to Garbo's delight.

"All of a sudden Garbo would realize that it was nearly nine o'clock. She would hurry her pets out of the room, jump into her clothes, and rush out to the garage. 'Hurry, Gustaf,' she would say. 'Drive fast. It makes them mad when I am late at the studio.' But we were always late.

“Garbo always had us prepare a lunch for her to take to the studio. She wanted fresh berries—strawberries, raspberries, or blackberries—cooked up and sweetened and thickened with powdered tapioca. Sigrid would fill a jelly glass two thirds full of this mixture, and then add cream until the glass was full. With this she wanted a cheese or meat sandwich and a bit of fresh fruit. Garbo carried her lunch done up in a paper bag, like some shop girl who was getting only twenty dollars a week.

“Garbo would never eat with the crowds in the café, for she preferred to be alone in the quiet of her dressing room.”

When Garbo was not working, Gustaf and Sigrid never knew when she would get up. Many a time they heard her splashing about in the pool as early as five o'clock in the morning. Then she would go back to bed, ring the bell, order her breakfast, and call for the newspapers.

Occasionally she would not get up until noon. Occasionally she would stay in bed two and three days at a time, getting up only to have her swim and sun bath.

Then Sigrid would hurry into her bedroom, make the bed, and tidy up the place. "She ate eighty percent of her meals in bed," said Sigrid. "With all her apparent strength and love for strenuous exercise Garbo needed a lot of rest. After two or three days spent in bed she would emerge, fresh and calm and anxious to be about again."

Sunlight was almost a religion with her, and she seldom missed an opportunity of steeping herself in it. She tanned very gradually and never became very brown. Naturally she took great care that her skin remained in condition to face the grueling test of the close-up, and used olive oil liberally as a protection.

Unlike the popular idea of a star's leisure hours, she would often spend whole afternoons dipping into the pool, drying off in the burning California sunlight, swimming again, and when the sun at last went down, returning to the house and going straight off to bed.

CHAPTER IX

"THE first few weeks after we moved into the house Garbo's only caller was her business manager," said Gustaf.

"Sometimes he would come over to have lunch with her. Then she would slip into the heavy bathrobe that she generally wore when she came out of the water. I would bring the lunch out on a tray and spread it under the shade of one of the lemon trees. If she was alone I would set the tray on her cot.

"When she was alone her lunch was simple—usually a vegetable salad, with Garbo's favorite dressing of mayonnaise mixed with catsup or chili sauce. With that she would have a cold meat or cheese sandwich and a glass of milk or beer.

“When there was company I usually served a little Smörgårdsbord—you call it hors d’œuvres. There would be an assortment of liver sausage, salami, spiced fish, and Swedish cheese. Next would come an omelette made with mushrooms or crabs, and a vegetable salad. The dessert was usually a home-baked cake.”

Garbo would lie around all the rest of the day. Sometimes she would go back to her bed and read. At other times she would get into her pajamas and robe and stay outdoors and read. She was always reading. Books in Swedish, German, and English.

Occasionally she would dress and go for a walk. Garbo usually took her walks at night, when she would not be recognized. She would put on a plain topcoat, pull a slouch hat down over her face, thrust her hands in her pockets, and start out. Her house was near the entrance of Benedict Canyon, the drive that leads past Harold Lloyd’s estate and winds up into the hills and acres of wild, unsettled country between Beverly Hills and the San Fernando Valley.

One afternoon, shortly after Sigrid and Gustaf

had arrived, Garbo started for a walk up Benedict Canyon Drive. She wanted to explore the road after it left Beverly Hills and wound back through the hills into the valley on the other side.

She knew Harold Lloyd lived in the big estate on the left, just as she entered the canyon. But she couldn't see behind the high stone wall, covered with a thick growth of vines, where a narrow stream winds through the greens of a nine-hole golf course. She could only see the top of the old stone windmill at the other end of the estate, where the stream had its source.

Neither could she see the bright canoe in which a motion-picture celebrity, whose name shone almost as brightly as hers, was drifting down the stream. The high wall hid the group of actors gathered around the barbecue pit of live coals, waiting their turn to broil the tender steaks that they held out on long, sharp forks. She would not have sat down at the tables piled high with platters of steaming spaghetti and cool salads had she been invited.

But Garbo could see the water splashing down

over the big rocks from the plateau above where the roof of the new Lloyd home could be seen through the big trees that crowned the top of the beautiful estate.

She got a glimpse of the former Thomas Ince estate as she passed the wide-open gates next door. She walked on until she could get a good view of Rudolph Valentino's old home, Falcon Lair, standing all alone, high on a hill in the middle of the canyon. Over at the right, a little higher up, she could see Jack Gilbert's home.

On her way back, just before she left the canyon, Garbo met five little girls around ten and twelve years old. Although she had her soft felt hat pulled well down over her face, these youngsters immediately recognized her. They ran over to her and started begging for her picture.

Garbo tried to put them off by saying she would give them one "sometime." But she could not fool these children. They wanted the pictures at once.

As Garbo started to hurry on, they turned around and followed her. Garbo commenced to run, and they trotted along behind.

"I was in the front yard, cutting some flowers," said Gustaf. "I couldn't believe my eyes when I looked up and saw Garbo trotting down the street with all these youngsters trailing behind. As she turned into the yard one little girl ran up and grabbed her by the arm, saying, 'Come on, Miss Garbo. Be a good sport and give us some pictures.'"

"Garbo looked over at me and said in Swedish, 'What will I do? Get rid of these children.' Then she turned and bolted into the house.

"Those youngsters hung about the front yard for nearly half an hour insisting that Garbo give them some photographs of herself. When I finally convinced them that Garbo didn't have any pictures at home they went away.

"Later, when I went into the house, Garbo exclaimed, 'Can't I go out for a walk *anywhere* without being annoyed?'

"Garbo often used to take a walk around several of the blocks just below her house. There was some sort of a Woman's Club on one of the near-by corners.

"One day, when she was coming around that

corner, two women came out, walked right up in front of her, and barred the way. They introduced themselves and started to tell Garbo about their club. When Garbo started to move they urged her to become one of their members. Garbo started to run.

“Those women actually ran after her, talking as they ran, like urgent salesmen who were determined that a fleeing prospect should not escape from them.

“When they saw that their case was hopeless they stopped in the street and watched Garbo until she was out of sight.

“Garbo often walked for hours. She never missed a chance to go for a long walk when it rained. As soon as it started she would hurry into the man’s slicker that she always wore, and out she would go.

“Autoists would often ask if they could give her a lift, when they met her plodding along all by herself, miles up the canyon. This always annoyed her. She would hardly give them a civil answer, she was so afraid she would be recognized.

"After a hike in the rain she would come in soaking wet, take a shower, and get into bed.

"When we had had a long dry spell, without rain, Garbo would go out in the garden, turn on the sprinklers, and walk through the spray until she was drenched to the skin. Sometimes she would put on her bathing suit. Often she was fully dressed.

"‘I can’t stand this dry weather any longer,’ she would say. ‘I must have some rain or I’ll go crazy.’ She did this time and time again. She would play around in the spray so long that the garden was flooded.”

Another thing Garbo liked to do was throw a medicine ball—a big rubber ball weighing fifteen pounds or more. She would romp all over the garden with it, knocking down rosebushes and shrubs.

Then she would come to Gustaf and say, “Why can’t we have flowers in the garden? Look at these poor rosebushes. What is the matter with them?”

She loved to go horseback riding. She couldn’t do that in her own back yard or along the main

highways, under cover of darkness, so she picked out Bel-Air, the most secluded bridle path around Hollywood.

Bel-Air is a community of large and beautiful estates, between Beverly Hills and Santa Monica. The Bel-Air stables have both docile and spirited horses that they rent to the public. Their sixty-mile bridle path winds over the hills and through shaded woods, far from the main traveled roads.

When not working, Garbo rode three and four times each week, sometimes oftener. She usually chose a time around four o'clock in the afternoon, when there were few people out on the trails. No one recognized the tall, slender girl, dressed in gray riding breeches, white silk blouse, tan boots, and beret, with dark glasses shading her eyes, as the famous motion-picture star.

"Usually I took her down in the car," said Gustaf. "Sometimes she drove down herself, in her big Lincoln sedan. She is not a good driver. She would go out of the garage so fast that each time I thought she was going to take off all the fenders. Once or twice I have known her to walk down to the stables. It was a good three miles

from the house. After a ride of an hour or so she walked all the way back."

One of the grooms once met Garbo dressed in riding habit, walking down the road in the rain. Naturally he wanted to give her a ride. He didn't know who she was, but remembered her as one of the young ladies who often went out on the trail. Her answer to his invitation was a curt, "I walk."

"Black Satin is her favorite horse," said one of the riding instructors. "She has not been available for some time. Miss Garbo called for her repeatedly, although we told her that the mare was in foal. Finally we decided that she didn't know what we meant. So the last time she was down here, I took her up the road where we had Black Satin out to pasture. 'Oh, now I see,' was her only comment.

"Her second choice is a horse named King Vidor. She has been riding him every day for the last week.

"Miss Garbo is the only person I have ever known who likes to ride in the rain.

"Just as sure as it gets cloudy, Garbo, if she is not working, telephones for a horse.

“Even when it is raining hard, she goes out dressed in her regular riding habit with nothing but a short slicker to protect her.

“She will ride an hour or so in the pouring rain, come in drenched to the skin, and climb into her automobile.”

The riding instructor considers Garbo a fair horsewoman. She uses an English saddle and sits her mount exceedingly well. But he says she has too heavy a hand. The Western horses are trained to keep up a brisk pace when a tight rein is kept. Garbo, it seems, has not learned to loosen her hold. Several times it has been suggested that an instructor go out with her for an hour or so, but she will not listen.

“I was amused one day when she came in breathing hard, with her mount wet with sweat,” he laughed. “‘I am sorry my horse is so hot,’ she called out as she jumped from the saddle, ‘but that fellow chased me’—pointing to Nils Asther, who came riding up behind her. ‘I won’t get my horse so hot again unless someone chases me again,’ she said as she hurried into her car.

“Miss Garbo will never dismount in the court-

yard where the other riders get off their horses. She is afraid someone will recognize her. So she rides her mount into the barn and gets off inside. Her car, instead of standing on the side of the bridge with the others, is waiting for her in front of the barn door. She hurries from her horse into her car. She never takes any risk of being seen."

The other day some riders who heard that Garbo had taken out a horse waited to see her come in. They were standing in the court as she rode up. She ran from the barn to her car, holding her arm in front of her face as though she were afraid someone was trying to photograph her.

"We never have been able to get her address," laughed the instructor. "One month, when her bill was due, the secretary asked for her address so a statement could be mailed.

"‘Let me know the amount, and I will mail you a check,’ was her answer. And that is the way she has always handled her account here."

"Soon after Garbo moved into her house," said Gustaf, "she had an electric bell installed from her bedroom to the servant's room, with the

button placed within easy reach of her bed. She kept that bell ringing all hours of the day and night," he laughed.

"She always thought she was hearing burglars. I remember one night when she scared me plenty," said Sigrid.

"Gustaf had gone out. Miss Garbo never wanted us to leave her alone, either in the daytime or in the evening. She hated to have Gustaf go away at night.

"About midnight the bell rang sharply several times. I jumped up in my nightgown and met Garbo in the kitchen in her pajamas. Neither of us had stopped to put on a robe.

"'Someone is in the house,' she whispered.

"The windows all through the house were left open night and day. It would have been very easy to gain entrance through one of them.

"Garbo led the way, and shaking with fright I followed. Thank goodness, she didn't go upstairs, as she never used the bedrooms up there. They were always kept closed.

"We looked into every closet. We got down on the floor and peered under the couch and daven-

port in the front room. We turned on the lights in the library. We looked behind the heavy draperies. Then Garbo gave it up.

“‘I guess there is no one here. You can go back to bed,’ she said.

“As we went through the kitchen she stopped at the ice box to get a lunch. Garbo often ate late at night. She liked cold meat or a bit of cheese with some Swedish hard-tack and a glass of beer. I generally kept sponge cake, without icing, on hand. She would eat it like bread. Tear off a piece and eat it between bites of cold meat or cheese.”

Garbo liked to take her meals at home. She refused to go out to eat on the one day a week that Sigrid and Gustaf had off. Gustaf said she knew so little about cooking that he always felt guilty when he left her to get a meal. She was like a child trying to prepare it.

“She wouldn’t have known how to boil or bake potatoes. So we would leave cooked potatoes cut up in a frying pan. On these I would put a note saying, ‘Stir often when over the fire, or they will burn.’

"She never liked fruit salad, but was very fond of vegetables. When we went out I usually left a salad—cooked beets, carrots, string beans, and peas—or one of raw vegetables.

"Sometimes she would fry herself a steak. But generally we left a cold roast. This, with a home-made cake, would be her dinner."

Fifteen minutes before dinner was to be served, Garbo would often start out for a walk, saying she would be back in a few minutes. Usually she stayed two and three hours. When she returned Sigrid would say that the dinner was spoiled. Garbo would answer, "I don't care. I didn't want any anyway." Later they would hear her getting something out of the ice box.

Sometimes she would bring Sorensen or Feyder or Nils Asther or the Loders home with her. Then she would be in high spirits. She would open the kitchen door and call out, "Bring in the dinner, even though it is spoiled. We are starved. We can eat anything."

Garbo was very fond of coffee but seldom drank it at night, as she thought it kept her awake. Usually she took beer or milk with her

dinner. When she wanted a cup of coffee she used a coffee with the caffeine removed.

She always left the kitchen in order after she had gotten a meal. The food was set away in the ice box. The dirty dishes were scraped, piled together, and set in the sink. If she had eaten anything sticky she would fill the dish with water.

It is a queer picture—the mysterious Garbo stirring potatoes and frying a steak and then sitting down at the kitchen table to eat her solitary dinner, when all over the world there were thousands of admirers longing to set the handiwork of the greatest chefs before her.

“The cats were the cause of many a sleepless night for all of us,” said Gustaf. “They slept in the house, but Garbo said they beckoned through the open windows to their gentlemen friends when they came serenading.

“Many a night I’ve hunted those callers with the gun that Garbo handed me when I first started work for her. There was one big gray fellow whom Garbo had named the Lion. That cat could make the neighborhood hideous with

his howls. One night I was sure I got him. I fired three shots, and the last one seemed to have taken effect as he went over the wall. 'Good! You got him this time, Gustaf,' laughed Garbo.

"A day or two later she called to me excitedly from the garden. When I ran out, she stood there laughing and pointing to the Lion, who lay sunning himself on the top of the garage. We had reckoned without his nine lives, I guess.

"Those cats could get away with anything. She liked them so well that she didn't seem to care what they did.

"On the walls of her bedroom, instead of pictures, Garbo had hung strips of Chinese embroidery. On one side of the room was a very handsome, heavily embroidered ceremonial robe. It was so long that it trailed on the floor. The cats selected its silken folds for their bed.

"Many a time Garbo has come running into the kitchen crying, 'Gustaf! Give me some hot water, quick. They have done it again. Those naughty kittens have ruined my beautiful robe.'

"And Garbo herself would take a bucket of hot water and a cloth and carefully clean the precious

folds of silk. Never once did I see her punish these cats. All she would do was fuss at them in Swedish. They followed her all over the place.”

Garbo liked Polly, too. When Garbo was working, Gustaf kept Polly’s cage standing on the library table in the front room. All day long he would call out, “Come here, Gustaf! Come here, Gustaf!” As soon as his mistress entered the door he would yell, “Hello, Greta!” over and over again.

“Garbo would pick up the cage and carry him into her bedroom, or take him out of the cage and let him walk all over the house.

“Polly loved to steal the kittens’ food. He would eat anything that happened to be on their plate, from fish to meat. He loved Swedish hard-tack. Garbo would hand him a piece of it, saying, ‘Sure Polly likes good Swedish food.’ Then she would laugh and Polly would imitate her. He had her own deep, throaty laugh.

“Garbo was always coaxing him to give what is called the raspberry. He could do it better than the Swede who razzed Victor McLaglen in *The Cock-Eyed World*. Then Garbo would

clap her hands and say, 'Polly, you are one tough bird.'

"He had another trick, of coughing like a consumptive. He would bend his head over and cough and cough, getting weaker and weaker all of the time. He certainly was smart. But he was an awful nuisance. We were always picking up parrot feathers all over the house.

"The only time we ever heard Garbo mention Jack Gilbert's name was when she talked about the parrot she gave him.

"It seemed she surprised Mr. Gilbert one day by taking a parrot to his house and leaving the cage on the library table.

"'And what a smart bird that Polly was,' Garbo would say. You should have heard *him* give the raspberry. And you should have heard him talk. He was the smartest bird I ever saw.'

While walking Garbo often picked up stray dogs and brought them home. She would feed them and let them go. One day she brought home a police puppy and said she was going to keep him. She insisted that he sleep in her room at night. But in two weeks she turned him out, ask-

ing Gustaf to get rid of him. When the dog insisted on staying, Gustaf gave him to the plumber.

Hollywood has heard many stories about the sleepless nights of Greta Garbo. It is said that Garbo often called her business manager at two and three o'clock in the morning when nervous and worn out from lack of sleep, when she felt she had to talk to someone or go insane. It has also been said that, when tortured by insomnia, she would get up and go for long walks in the dead of night.

Gustaf says that, like so many others about her, these stories are untrue. When Garbo could not sleep she would read. Often he would see her light burning all through the night.

"She did lie awake a lot at night. But anyone staying in bed as much as she did during the day couldn't expect to sleep all through the night. When Garbo wasn't swimming or walking or exercising she was usually lying down.

"And no one eating late at night the way she does can sleep soundly. When she didn't eat she often asked for a big glass of glögg, a Swedish

drink that is taken hot. That would keep anyone awake.

“When she didn’t want to sleep she seemed to think that no one else in the house did. She was always ringing that bell all through the night. I used to swear I would disconnect the thing before I went to bed. Sigrid got so she would sleep right through it. But it seemed as though I was always waiting for it to ring.

“She would call me to put the cats out and bring them in. She would want a glass of water or a certain newspaper. There was always something she wanted in the middle of the night.

“I was annoyed the night she awakened me for the third time after midnight with that bell ringing and ringing. I jumped up and grabbed my revolver, thinking someone must be murdering her.

“She came limping into the kitchen crying, ‘Oh, Gustaf, I got such a sore foot I cannot sleep. Just look at my sore foot,’ and she put it up on the table under the light.

“All I could see was a tiny blister on her heel. I was too tired to give her any sympathy. It

probably did smart, and she was restless, and it kept her awake. I told her to put some iodine on it and go to bed."

Gustaf was always reminding Garbo of the bad luck she would have some day because she continually broke the head off a little Chinese statue that stood upon her dresser.

"She had Chinese idols standing all about her bedroom. Heads, full-length figures, big ones and little ones. This one on her dresser was one of her favorites. It was a sort of Chinese madonna, with nun-like veils draped over its head. I believe it is called 'Kuan Yin.' It was made of a marble composition that broke easily.

"Garbo would come running into the kitchen with the two pieces in her hands, wailing, 'Oh, Gustaf, I have broken her again! Isn't it terrible? She would stand there while I glued the head back on.

"I always knew when the little madonna had had a tumble. There would be one long ring of the bell. Finally I got tired of gluing her together. I bored a hole into her neck and stuck a small spike in the hole. Then I bored an-

other hole in her head and set the head on the spike.

“Garbo executed that lady nearly every day. I think her arm must have brushed it off as she was making her toilet before the mirror. Often Sigrid or I would find the little idol standing on the dresser, her head off beside her. In her haste, Garbo did not stop to put the head back on—but she never left her lying on the floor.

“But Garbo wasn’t a bit superstitious. One day everything seemed to go wrong in the kitchen. Garbo was sitting out in the garden, and she ordered some coffee and cookies, as she often did in the afternoon.

“Sigrid took them out to her on the tray. As she went to set the tray down, the cup turned over and some of the scalding hot coffee splashed on Garbo. She was good-natured about it. She said it didn’t burn her.

“She laughed when Sigrid said that it was Friday the thirteenth. ‘You don’t believe the day has anything to do with it?’”

CHAPTER X

IT WAS some weeks after Garbo moved into her new home before she invited any friends in to see her.

“Nils Asther was one of her first callers,” said Gustaf. “They were working together on *The Single Standard*. One night she brought him home to dinner. After that he often came over for lunch or dinner or coffee, late in the afternoon. They would sit over their food talking for hours at a time.

“Then an English actor, John Loder, and his wife started coming. Both of them spoke German. Garbo always preferred to speak German if she was with someone who couldn’t speak Swedish.

“After that we never knew when she would bring someone in to dinner or have someone drop in to lunch. We never knew what time she would

eat. Her dinner hour was any time between six-thirty and nine o'clock. I think she invited her guests at the last minute. She never made plans ahead of time. We found it wise to have plenty of food on hand to meet emergencies.

"She always wanted Smörgåsbord when she had guests. So we saw to it that there was always a supply of pickled and spiced fish, an assortment of Swedish cheese and canned mushrooms and fish for omelettes on hand.

"She was very fond of home-made coffee cake, cookies and cake. We kept plenty of each of these ready.

"One of her favorite meat dishes was roast veal. We would order a large veal steak about four inches thick. After salting and peppering, we would put it in the oven in an open roasting pan, with a quarter of a pound of butter. Every ten minutes we basted the meat with butter until it was done, always browning it well just before taking it from the oven.

"With that we served cucumbers sliced thin and mixed with finely cut parsley that had stood for two hours in a dressing of half vinegar and

half water, sweetened to taste. Mashed potatoes and string beans completed the main course. She was always pleased with that dinner.

“One of her favorite desserts was sponge cake that had been dipped in wine and then covered with a thin custard. On top of that was piled some whipped cream, sweetened and flavored with vanilla and sprinkled with chopped almonds that had soaked in absinthe.

“Another favorite dessert of Garbo’s was Swedish apple cake. That is made by putting alternate layers of sweetened apple sauce that has been cooked to the consistency of porridge, and bread crumbs that have been fried in butter, in a deep baking dish and baking slowly for about twenty minutes. When cool it turns out of the pan like a loaf of cake. This is cut in squares and served with whipped cream. Sometimes cinnamon and clove spices are added to the apples, for seasoning.”

John Loder, who was often at Garbo’s home, told me about his first meeting with Garbo and the friendship between Garbo, his wife, and himself.

Four days after John's arrival in Hollywood, as contract player for Famous Players, he and his wife were invited to attend a dinner party at Pickfair. Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks were entertaining for Prince George of England.

John and Prince George had lived in the same fraternity house while they were attending Eton College. It was quite natural that the hostess of Pickfair should include among her dinner guests a fraternity brother of the Prince, when she learned there was one in the film colony.

At that time Jack Gilbert and Greta were still going about together. Jack had persuaded Garbo to allow him to escort her to this party. John and his wife were presented to the Swedish star during the course of the evening.

Garbo was immediately attracted to John's foreign wife, an Austrian girl who spoke German fluently, and invited her to call. That was the beginning of a friendship which lasted until Mrs. Loder returned to Europe a short time ago to visit her family in Berlin. Loder said:

"During the evening at Pickfair we found that Garbo was very fond of Emil Jannings and his

wife and daughter Ruth. Both my wife and I had known Emil in Europe. Later we met Garbo at their home many times.

“Not long after my arrival in Hollywood a mutual friend of Jannings’ and mine arrived from Europe to make a picture for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. He was Jacques Feyder, who had done some fine work directing pictures in Europe.

“We were all anxious to see him get a good break in Hollywood. He had written an original story for the screen called *The Kiss*. Emil and Jacques both considered it an ideal screen play for Garbo. We knew that she had a great deal to say about the pictures she made. We felt sure that if she read *The Kiss* she would want to make it.

“So Emil arranged to have Jacques Feyder and his wife, my wife, and I at his house when Garbo dropped in on one of her informal calls. One day, when he expected her for a game of tennis, we were all there. Usually, if strangers were present, she would turn around and go home. But as she knew my wife and me, this time we persuaded her to remain.

Garbo was soon chatting in German with Feyder about Europe. After that it was easy for Mr. Jannings to persuade her to stay to dinner.

"I can see Emil now," laughed John, "when, after a delicious dinner of German dishes, he came over to me rubbing his hands together and smiling. 'Everything is going fine. Garbo is listening to Jacques's story. She likes it. I think she will make it and that Feyder will be the director.'"

Not long after this dinner party the studio announced that the next picture their Swedish star would make was *The Kiss* and that the famous European director Jacques Feyder would direct it.

Garbo was anxious to start work on *The Kiss* under this new director. Since she had worked with Mauritz Stiller she had never before met a man with such keen insight into how a story should be handled. She felt that at last she had found a real genius.

As usual there was much discussion as to who would play the leading male rôles. A great deal always depends upon the masculine lead in a

Garbo picture. He must not only have looks and appeal to attract the type of women she portrays, but he must be popular with the public. The fans would resent Garbo loving a man they did not like.

The story of *The Kiss* involved the love of three men and one woman. Garbo, of course, was the woman. The husband is shot, and the wife goes on trial for her life. Conrad Nagel was chosen as the "honorable" lover.

But there was another rôle almost as important as the part played by Conrad. That was of the youth who falls in love with the woman.

Jacques Feyder was interested in a young boy who played in the orchestra at the Montmartre Café. He believed this lad would do very well as this youth. He was tall and dark—a little on the Jack Gilbert type. He was finally chosen to play the part.

And that part made Lew Ayres. Later he was to make a sensation as the boy in *All Quiet on the Western Front*.

During the filming of the picture it was apparent that Garbo liked young Lew. She was

frequently chatting with him. Every day he would ask her for an autographed photograph. Instead of turning around and walking away, as she usually did when such a request was made, Garbo would look at him laughingly and say, "Some day you will get one."

She was always telling Lew what good-looking shirts he wore. One day, when he came in wearing one in a soft green, she walked over and remarked, "I like that. I wish I had one like it."

The next afternoon when she got home from the studio there was a box waiting for her. Inside were two shirts: one like the shirt she had admired on Lew; the other a soft shade of pink. Lew had hurried out and bought them when Garbo expressed a wish to have a shirt like his.

A few days later he reminded her that she had not given him her photograph. "I gave you my shirts. You should give me your picture," he pointed out.

A queer little expression came over Garbo's face. She walked away, and after that she was not quite so friendly with Lew. If he had given her the shirts with the idea of making a trade for

her picture, she had been mistaken in his motive. Lew never got the picture.

The making of *The Kiss* progressed smoothly enough. There was little friction between the director and the star. Mrs. Feyder, who used to be an actress on the European stage, and Garbo became close friends. Mrs. Feyder was on the set nearly every day. Often Garbo went home with them or they went home with Garbo.

About this time Emil Jannings decided to return to Europe. He realized that the talkies would soon be the only kind of pictures made in Hollywood. He spoke broken English. That meant that he would soon be through over here.

The studios were looking doubtfully at their foreign stars. It was nearly impossible for an alien to get a contract at the studios. These talented people were good enough for silent pictures when no one could hear them talk, but they could hardly hope to get by the American public with an accent. One by one they left for Europe. Speculation commenced as to what would happen to Greta Garbo.

But Greta was not wasting her time. Quick

to learn languages, she was reading and studying whenever she could. She was making rapid progress with her diction.

Garbo missed dropping in to see her friends the Janningses, but she was glad to have met Madame and Jacques Feyder before they left. They were now her closest friends. They, with John Loder and his wife, were the only intimate friends she had. Strange that these four friends should all be foreigners and all natives of a different country.

John Loder was an Englishman, his wife an Austrian, Jacques Feyder a Belgian, and his wife a Parisian. And Garbo was Swedish. Yet, when they were together, they always spoke German—a language foreign to them all.

For the first time since she came to Hollywood Garbo had found friends with whom she was genuinely happy. They were the people who knew the real Greta Garbo. While she was with them she forgot that she was the great motion-picture actress, known the world over as the mysterious Garbo.

She would sit around the fireside and talk and joke with them like a schoolgirl.

The Kiss proved to be one of Garbo's best pictures. It was advertised as a sound picture, but like many of the productions made when the talkies were first gaining a foothold, it was a combination of sound and silent screen. The sound was music, street noises, etc. Garbo did not talk. Her Swedish accent would not have fitted the part. But she was preparing for the talkie that was soon to follow.

After it was released the critics declared that Garbo was popular enough to draw the public if she never talked. But the relentless tide of the talkies was sweeping the country, and her producers began to look about for a sound picture in which their Swedish star could speak.

When Garbo had finished a picture, she liked to take a trip out of Hollywood. One of these journeys was to the Yosemite National Park.

Instead of having Gustaf drive her up in her own car, she called a machine and driver from the studio. After she had been there about a week, Gustaf received a telegram ordering him to call for her with her car.

She was staying at the new Awana Hotel,

instead of hiding herself away in some quiet corner as she usually did.

"When I arrived at the hotel I forgot which name Garbo was to have registered under," laughed Gustaf. "She used two aliases. My name, Norin, and the name of Berger.

"I stammered as I asked the clerk if Miss Norin was there. It just dawned on me that I might get into an embarrassing situation, as my name happened to be Norin too. The clerk laughed as he answered me, 'You mean Miss Garbo, don't you? We know who she is, alright. She is expecting you.'

"Garbo had succeeded in hiding her identity under her rough tweed clothes and dark glasses for a little over a week. She had had a few glorious days riding around through the park and hiking over the trails without being recognized. Then someone discovered who she was. As soon as people started staring at her and whispering about her she was anxious to get away.

"She was ready and waiting for me when I knocked at her door. Her luggage was soon piled into the car. My orders were to drive fast. The

only words she spoke to me as we drove through the canyon were, 'Those rocks are pretty high, aren't they, Gustaf?'

"When Garbo wasn't working she was content to lie around by herself for days at a time, seeing no one. She never dressed in a lovely *négligée*, as most women do when lounging around. If she wasn't in her bathing suit or old bathrobe, or in bed, she had on a plain jersey dress, often with an old sweater slipped on over it."

"Part of my job was to look after her wardrobe," said Sigrid. "I never saw her wear any of the evening dresses that hung in her closet. One day she told me she had bought most of those gowns before she went to Sweden. Several of them she had never had on, and she was sorry she had bought them."

"In her closet Garbo kept the old plaid suit she wore when she went on location in Turkey with Mauritz Stiller. She cautioned me to see that it was kept free from moths. When Mrs. Victor Seastrom, wife of the Swedish director, called on her, Garbo brought it out, explaining how proudly she wore her new suit on her first location trip."

"I never saw her have a needle in her hand while I was there. I did the sewing that needed to be done.

"There was never much mending to do for Garbo. All her clothes were simple and generally tailored. She wore men's pajamas; most of them made of silk, plainly tailored, with collars buttoning tight around the neck. The blouses she wore with her jersey and tweed suits were men's tailored shirts. She had a big assortment of men's ties in all kinds and colors that she wore with them. Her stockings were not sheer silk ones always in need of mending. Most of the time she wore a light-weight woolen hose, such as we buy in Sweden. In hot weather she used lisle half socks."

"I used to buy most of her shoes," said Gustaf. "She wore the smallest size of men's oxfords. She didn't believe in pinching her feet or tottering around on high, pointed heels. I bet she had a dozen pairs of these tan shoes sitting in her closet. Often when I brought home a new pair she had ordered, she would say, 'Just the thing for us bachelors, eh, Gustaf?'"

“Garbo was never fussing around with face lotions. I never saw her with a bit of cold cream on her face. Occasionally she would rub a piece of ice on her face ‘to freshen up a bit’ as she said. In fact, she had nothing on her dressing table but some face powder and a plain silver toilet set.

“Neither did she care for perfumes. She had one bottle of gardenia, but it had nearly the same amount in it when we left as when we came. The only scent she used was lavender in her soap.

“When not working, Garbo took care of her hair herself. After a shampoo, which she took under the shower, she would rinse her hair in camomile tea that I brewed for her from camomile seeds. This kept it light and gave it a lovely sheen. Her hair is straight as an Indian’s and at home she never had a bit of curl in it, brushing it back from her forehead and tucking it behind her ears.

“Only when she was going on location would she have Alma, the colored maid who waits on her at the studio, or Billie, her favorite hair-dresser, come over and wave her hair.

"Garbo never took any interest in the arrangement of her house except when she first moved into it. Then she had Adrian, the young chap who designs the stars' costumes, at the studio, come out and rearrange her furniture.

"She didn't care at all about fine table linen, glassware, or silver. She was perfectly contented with the ordinary things that came with the house. I don't remember that she bought one thing for the house, even a vase, while we were there.

"But she was fond of flowers. She liked roses, but her favorite flowers were pansies and violets. She was always buying bunches of violets and bringing them home to put in a vase on one of the little tables at the head of her bed. I kept all the bushes around the garden well trimmed, for she always wanted the urns in the house filled with big branches of green leaves.

"Garbo really takes splendid care of herself," continued Gustaf. "Each day she has her swim and walks. Rarely does she stay up late. She gets into bed early and reads and reads.

"She never had any desire to go out to the night clubs and cafés that the other motion-

picture stars frequented. She didn't like to dance. 'What fun is there dining in a room crowded with a lot of strangers?' she would ask. 'In Sweden friends meet to be sociable over a bottle of champagne or a glass of wine or beer. Here people try to look as if they were having a lot of fun stealing a drink from a bottle hidden under the tablecloth. Then they have to sit there and pretend they are drinking iced tea or ginger ale. It is all so silly. I much prefer to eat in my own home.'

"We never knew Garbo to be really ill, but she often took slight colds. And how she hated them. She was always spraying her throat and nose and trying to toughen herself with her swimming and sun baths.

"The minute she felt a cold coming on, she would make an appointment for treatment in a Hollywood Turkish bath where the water came hot from a natural mineral spring.

"No one ever seemed to recognize her down there, and she went often. She often took the massages and baths when she didn't have a cold, especially if she was tired and nervous,

as she usually was when making a picture."

About this time Garbo decided she wanted a small car that she could drive herself. She asked Gustaf to have several roadsters sent around for her to look at.

One agency brought over a Cadillac, another a Franklin, and another a Lincoln. Garbo went out in each one, driving it herself.

She liked the Lincoln, as she had become familiar with her sedan, which was of the same make. "We got so far that I told the manager of the agency that Greta Garbo was considering the purchase of one of his roadsters," said Gustaf. "As soon as he heard that the car was for Garbo he said to me, 'She will never buy it. Her business manager will not allow it. If I had known Garbo was looking at the car I would have stopped it.

"'Before she bought the car she now has, she looked at one of mine just like it. When she decided that was the car she wanted, her manager went downtown and bought one for her.'

"And Garbo never did buy the roadster. She got into some kind of discussion with her manager and gave up the idea entirely."

CHAPTER XI

GARBO now seemed to be thoroughly enjoying her home. "Never will I be without a place of my own," she often said. She liked nothing better than to bring her friends home to dinner. It never bothered her if there was little on hand to eat. Whatever she was to have was good enough for them. For days she would be very gay. Then suddenly she would refuse to see even these close friends of hers.

"We often called at her house unexpectedly, just as she called on us," said John Loder. "But we didn't always find that her door opened to us. Every so often she would not be at home. Then there would follow days when none of us would hear from her. We couldn't get her on the telephone. No one could find out whether she

was working or if she had gone out of town on a vacation. Then all of a sudden she would telephone or appear at the door. She never gave any explanations of where she had been. She went on just as though nothing had happened."

Gustaf laughed when he heard that story. "I always knew when one of her spells of refusing to see any of her friends was coming on. Sometimes she would grow angry over something that went wrong at the studio. Again she would be furious over some article about her that was published in a magazine. She had a collection of Swedish expletives she used on these occasions. She would storm around the place and refuse to talk to anyone who telephoned or see anyone who called.

"At other times she just apparently got fed up with everyone she knew. Then she would call me and say, 'Gustaf, I am not at home to anyone. Remember, not anyone.'

"Perhaps her business manager would try to get her on the telephone. Greta had a telephone on one of the tables by her bed. If I happened to be in the room, she would nod her

head in approval when I answered, 'Miss Garbo is not in. No, I do not know when she will be in.'

"If any of her friends called at the door, I was instructed to give the same answer. After they had left she would call me to her and say, 'Who was that, Gustaf? What did he say? Do you think he believed that I was not here?' If I said I thought he suspected she was there, she would roll over on her side and laugh, as though she thought it a good joke.

"She always locked herself away from everyone whenever she received one of the large bundles of foreign newspapers and magazines that her mother and brother sent her every few weeks.

"Most of this package was magazines and papers on motion pictures. She spent days over them, marking articles, especially those about herself, and cutting out many of them.

"She was always anxious to get all the American motion-picture magazines. Often she would send me down to the drug store for them days before they were due. Sometimes she would walk down to inquire for them herself. She

bought most of her magazines and newspapers at a Beverly Hills drug store. With her hat pulled way down on her face and dark glasses hiding her eyes, she didn't think that the druggist knew who she was. But he knew her all right. He often said to me, 'Miss Garbo was in to-day.'

"Whenever I bought duplicates of magazines (as I often did, buying so many) she would have me take them back and get a refund. I also returned many magazines when it was found that they contained nothing of interest about Garbo.

"After Garbo had read all the American magazines she would have me wrap them up in heavy brown paper and mail them to her mother. Many of the articles were marked, especially those about herself, to which she wished to draw special attention. Many a time I have mailed one of these big bundles to Mrs. Anna Gustafsson, 155 Ringvägen, Third Floor, Stockholm, Sweden."

One afternoon, when Gustaf was serving coffee to Nils Asther and Garbo in the garden, Garbo said, "I never will be able to understand my mother. I send her money and ask her to buy

herself some fine clothes. But she will not. I want her to move into a nice apartment in a better part of Stockholm, but she will not leave her old neighborhood. My money will never make my mother happy, no matter how much I make."

The fact that Garbo was eager to read the fan magazines will be illuminating news to most motion-picture writers. For Garbo pretends to ignore all that is written about her. Once when I asked one of the staff of the publicity department at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer what Garbo thought of an article I had written about her he answered, "I don't know. She probably never read it."

"Garbo used to write to her mother and brother nearly every week. The one other person with whom she corresponded regularly was her chum Mimi Polack, now Mrs. Lundell," said Gustaf.

"Garbo used to talk her letters out loud as she wrote them. She generally kept calling in to me to spell words for her while she was writing. I couldn't help hear what she was saying as she

talked these letters off. I remember one time especially, when she was writing to her friend Mimi.

“When she had finished this letter she stuck almost two dollars’ worth of air-mail stamps on it and asked me to go right out and mail it.

“Stamps were Garbo’s one extravagance. She always put on nearly twice as many as she needed. She seemed to think that the more she put on the faster the letter would go.

“Garbo was all upset the day she received a letter from her brother saying that the motion-picture company for whom he was working wanted to change his name to Garbo.

“She said that she had made the name of Garbo herself, that it was her name, and there should be no one else using it. She cabled her brother not to allow the motion-picture company to use it. She told him it was far better for him to make a name for himself.

“But he answered that it was too late. The company had already billed him as Swen Garbo.

“At one time her brother was anxious to come to Hollywood and go into pictures. He went so

far as to have a test made which he sent over to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

“Garbo’s business manager was against having her brother come over. He said that one Garbo in pictures was enough. Now it seems another company in Sweden are announcing that they have the other Garbo making pictures for them.

“Garbo was very fond of this brother. She kept a large portrait of him standing on a table in her living room. That and a photograph of Mauritz Stiller that she kept in her bedroom were the only two portraits she had in her house.”

Another thing Garbo does, that few people realize, is to study herself in her own pictures, although she seldom attends a première, even of her own picture.

“She usually went to the previews of her pictures alone,” said Gustaf. “Often she would see her pictures over two and three times. She never allowed me to drive the car up to the entrance of the theater. She would get out a block or two away. Then, with her hat pulled down over her eyes, the collar of her heavy tweed

coat turned up around her neck, and her hands thrust into her pockets, she would hurry inside. In two and a half hours I would be waiting to pick her up.

"I remember that she saw *The Kiss* three different times. Once in Los Angeles, again in Pasadena, and a third time in Long Beach.

"She often went to motion-picture theaters all by herself. Several times she went to the Beverly Hills Theater on Sunday afternoons.

"After the picture she would come home and lie around and read. She smoked about a package of denicotined cigarettes a day. She said that regular cigarettes made her nervous. They used to smell like burning hay to me. I never could understand how she enjoyed them. Yet she inhaled them with keen relish.

"Garbo and I had a little skirmish over her cigarettes. It was my business to buy them with money from the household expense account. She always wanted the cigarette boxes around the house filled with them.

"One day her business manager noticed that her supply was running low. He said he would

order a couple of cartons. At the end of the month he handed the bill with his other accounts.

“Garbo called me in to her and wanted to know why her business manager was buying cigarettes when I bought them. I explained the situation. ‘It’s funny that I am always buying cigarettes and never have any,’ she said.

“That annoyed me. I told her that she had better look after them herself. After that I would never touch one of them. She used to be angry when she didn’t find the boxes filled. She would call out ‘Gustaf, why don’t you keep cigarettes in these boxes?’

“One day, while I was serving lunch to Garbo and her business manager out in the garden, I heard him call her Garbo, as he often did. She looked him over coolly and said, ‘Miss Garbo, if you please.’ He couldn’t take her seriously. ‘You always call me Harry, and I have always called you Garbo.’ Without changing her expression she answered, ‘Miss Garbo, if you please.’ And after that I noticed that it was always Miss Garbo.

“Soon after Garbo moved into her house she

found that her neighbors were keenly interested whenever she stepped into the garden. She usually had an audience when she went into the pool. This annoyed her very much. She would come into the house declaring that she would take her swim so early in the morning that these curious folks would have to lose their beauty sleep if they wanted to watch her. And she often did it. Many a time I have heard her splashing around in the water as early as five o'clock in the morning.

"She loved to lie around in the garden reading and to eat her lunch and dinner out there. She hated the feeling of always having someone peering at her through half-closed windows.

"The patio, with porches on three sides, was the only secluded spot. One day while Garbo was at the studio I fixed it up for her. First I strung electric light wires across the top of the open patio. I attached several lights and shaded them with Japanese umbrellas turned upside down. Then I brought out several small rugs and tables and chairs. Garbo was delighted with the result.

“After that, that was where she spent most of her time. During the summer she generally ordered lunch served in the patio, especially when she had guests. This was the only spot outdoors where neighbors couldn’t watch her. At night it was very gay and festive with the lighted lanterns. It was a typical setting for a crawfish party in Sweden.

“During the crawfish season in Sweden (it lasts for about three weeks) everyone, rich and poor, takes turns giving a crawfish dinner to his friends. A porch or garden is wired with Japanese lanterns, under which tables and chairs are placed. Then platters piled high with crawfish that have been cooked in salted water seasoned with dill are set on the tables. Big plates loaded with Swedish hard-tack are brought on, and huge mugs of ice-cold beer. A big pot of steaming coffee sits at one side. Friends take turns serving this spread to their friends until the season has passed.

“Garbo often said that all she needed was the crawfish to make her think she was back in Sweden.

“One morning, when she came out of the pool, she saw a man standing by a house on the top of the hill directly back of her peering at her through opera glasses. She was furious. She came into the house and said she would stand being watched no longer. That she wanted to move. She asked me to start looking for a house. It must be high on a hill, away from everyone.

“I started looking on Mulholland Drive, the road that runs through the highest hills back of Hollywood, where the houses are few and far apart.

“I found a magnificent place called the Castle that looked out on a sweeping panorama of the city and ocean in the distance. The grounds were lovely, with an outdoor swimming pool. The house was large and beautifully furnished. There were no near-by neighbors.

“The owner wanted six hundred dollars a month rent for it on a year's lease. Garbo was interested, but her manager talked her out of it. Later he came to tell me that it was not my job to hunt houses for Miss Garbo.

“When Garbo asked me to continue my search I told her what he said. She replied that I was to do as she said.

“The only time her business manager asked me to get Miss Garbo to do something was when he couldn’t get her to do it himself. He wanted her to have unbreakable glass put in her automobile. One day he ordered me to go down to a certain shop in Hollywood and have it done. Naturally I consulted Miss Garbo before I went ahead with his order.

“She wanted to know how much it would cost. When I told her the price she said. ‘I don’t want it done—it is an unnecessary expense.’

“A few days later her manager asked me why I had not attended to the changing of the glass in the car. I told him of my conversation with Miss Garbo. His instructions were to go ahead and do it anyway. Again I went to Garbo.

“By this time she was furious. ‘Who are you working for, my business manager or me?’ she asked. The glass was not changed.

“He used to bring over hundreds of fan letters that came to Garbo at the studio. She never

opened any of them except those with foreign stamps. She never answered one of them.

“Once she was quite interested in letters from a little girl in China. She was pleased with a lovely little fan this girl sent.

“She never would autograph her photographs or send any out. Neither would she pose for studio pictures out of costume. ‘If they want to send out pictures of me dressed in the costumes that I wear in my pictures, I can’t stop that. But none of my personal photographs will be distributed all over the world. Those are for my friends alone.’

“One morning, before Garbo went to the studio, she came out in the kitchen, as she often did, and ordered her dinner. ‘I want an old-fashioned Swedish dinner to-night. A regular farmer’s dinner. Bruna Bönor, Swedish hard-tack, cake, and coffee.’”

Bruna Bönor is a rich, heavy dish made of Swedish brown beans cooked with cubes of salt pork and sweetened with brown sugar.

“That night she brought her director and his assistant home with her. I reminded her of the

dinner she had ordered and suggested we hurry something else together. She laughed, 'Not a thing.' What is good enough for me is good enough for them.'

"One day she commenced to worry about her weight and decided she'd better check up on herself. I went up to a hardware store and bought a pair of bathroom scales. She wasn't worried when she found she weighed a hundred and twenty-eight pounds. Her average weight was around a hundred and twenty-five.

"Garbo declared that she would never go on a strenuous diet again, but she did occasionally cut down on starches and butter. She said she gained seven kilos (about fourteen pounds) on her trip home to Sweden and had never been troubled with anemia since."

CHAPTER XII

ALL this time, while Garbo was comfortably established in her new home and enjoying her little circle of friends, Hollywood knew nothing about her. She had been successful in keeping her whereabouts a secret. No one seemed to know where she lived. She was seldom seen around town. She never attended theaters or parties. She was known as the hermit of Hollywood.

Then Hollywood commenced to catch glimpses of the star accompanied by a tall, attractive, blond young man. He was seen driving her to and from the studio in his roadster. They took long walks together. They were discovered slipping in and out of motion-picture theaters. Garbo, it seemed, had a beau.

"Who is he?" everyone was asking. Someone

said he was a prince of Sweden, madly in love with Greta, over here incognito. Others said he was a childhood sweetheart who had followed her to Hollywood after her visit back home. He seemed as mysterious as the mystery woman herself.

The studio had nothing to say about Garbo's strange friend. They continued their policy of giving out no information except announcements of the pictures in which their star was working.

It was Gustaf who later told about the arrival of Garbo's mysterious prince.

"One afternoon, when a telegram arrived for Garbo, she came into the kitchen with it in her hand saying, 'A friend of mine from Sweden is arriving by boat to-morrow morning. He wants me to have lunch with him on shipboard. I haven't decided about the lunch yet. But we will go down to San Pedro' (the port of Los Angeles) 'to meet him. He will probably stay a night or two with me, so have one of the guest rooms in order.' That, by the way, was the only time that either of the upstairs bedrooms in Garbo's house was ever occupied.

“Garbo was excited when we parked the car and walked up the gangway to the deck of the ship. A young man came hurrying out to greet her. I recognized him as Wilhelm Sorensen, close friend of Prince Sigvard, the man who had often been mistaken for the prince as he escorted Garbo around Stockholm during her visit home.”

That farewell between Garbo and Sorensen on the deck of the ship in Gothenburg, before thousands of people who had come down to get one last look at the star before she sailed for America, must have meant something. At any rate, this young man who had traveled thousands of miles to see the world-famous celebrity, upon his arrival, was welcomed with enthusiasm.

“Garbo had lunch on board the ship, and so did I,” said Sorensen. “One of the officers who ate at the table with her said to me later, ‘Miss Garbo was very gay, drinking to the health of us all.’

“When she came off the boat she waved her hand and shouted, ‘Good-bye,’ to the people gathered around on deck.”

When Sorensen came off the boat he carried

a large package under his arm, guarding it carefully. Perhaps the custom officers expected to find a couple of bottles of good Swedish gin when they unwrapped the bundle. But Sorensen was carrying a bust of himself (which had been made by a famous sculptor in Stockholm) to present to Miss Garbo. Garbo set it on her piano when she got home that day, and there it stood during the many months that Gustaf and his wife worked for the Swedish star.

“When they got home Garbo took Sorensen out to the garden, where they laughed and talked until dinner. Garbo wanted to hear all about her mother and brother. She wanted to know what the gossip of Stockholm was saying about her. She was very happy to have her friend with her.

“He remained in the house but one night. The next morning I drove him into Hollywood, where he took a room at the Christie Hotel. From that time Sorensen was a daily visitor at Garbo’s house.”

It was John Loder who later introduced me to Sorensen—a tall, lean, good-looking Swede,

twenty-four years old, and much interested in Greta Garbo.

"I felt sorry for Garbo when I bade her good-bye that day in Gothenburg," he said. "It was very hard for her to leave her mother and brother and friends and go back to Hollywood all alone. I wanted to stay on the boat and go with her. I vowed then that I would make a trip to America as soon as I possibly could."

But Sorensen's father had other plans for his son. He had hoped that his boy would join him in the business of making boxes. "I couldn't bear the idea," Sorensen said with a shrug of his shoulders. "So my parents insisted that I attend law college and train myself for the diplomatic service. I did not like the idea, but I had to do something."

After college this boy could not bring himself to settle down to a business in which he had no heart. He loved old oil paintings and began collecting them. His father did not approve of such a business for one of his sons. Sorensen had always wanted to take vocal lessons with the hope of some day going on the stage. His

father frowned on this. Then Garbo arrived home, and his interest in her and her tales of Hollywood determined him to make a trip to California.

When an old friend of the family, who owned a steamship line, saw the state of unrest this young man was in, he persuaded his parents to allow him to present their son with a complimentary ticket on one of his boats. No doubt the family decided that a long ocean voyage would satisfy the wanderlust that had gripped their son's soul.

When Sorensen looked at his ticket he found that it read San Pedro, California, via South America.

"I was on the water fifty-five days," said Sorensen. "For three weeks we were out of sight of land. I was vastly relieved when we finally docked at Colombia.

"I had an amusing experience there. The hotel where we spent the night was set in a grove—a jungle, I called it. After dinner I walked outside to get a breath of fresh air. As I was lighting a cigarette I realized that the ground upon which

I was standing was moving. It was a horrible sensation. I was being lifted bodily into the air. I jumped. There was a snort. To my disgust I had been standing on the broad back of a big, fat pig.

“It’s a funny thing about a boat trip. People from all over the universe start out together—all perfect strangers. Soon the ship becomes a little world all of its own.

“On our boat we had romances, intrigues, jealousies, quarrels, and scandals. Towards the end of the voyage the captain called a few of us into his cabin to act as judge and jury on a clandestine affair that he had discovered between a young girl and one of his officers.

“This girl was on her way to meet her fiancé, who lived in the United States, to be married. The captain felt it his duty to notify the young man of his sweetheart’s liaison. Those of us who didn’t agree with the captain finally persuaded him to keep his hands off the whole affair. After all, what business was it of ours? Who delegated any of us to run the affairs of the world?”

Sorensen spoke good English. He was taught

German, French, and English all through his school days, speaking all three languages fluently. During his childhood he traveled extensively all over Europe, always using the language of the country he was visiting.

Much to his amusement, his entrance into the United States was heralded by headlines in the daily newspapers of the first city in which he landed. When the boat docked at San Diego, Sorensen telegraphed his friend Greta Garbo, inviting her to have lunch on shipboard with him and the captain of the boat when they reached the Los Angeles harbor.

Some reporter got hold of that message. And Sorensen soon had a taste of the high-powered methods of the American press.

That noon he was presented to a young man who came on shipboard for lunch. Everyone was very gay. Toasts were drunk and songs were sung.

Before Sorensen knew what it was all about, this chap took out his pencil and paper and commenced to ask a lot of questions. "If he hadn't taken out his pencil I never would have sus-

pected that he was a reporter," laughed Sorensen.

"He wanted to know if I was a motion-picture actor. Then he asked if I was Greta Garbo's sweetheart. I knew that I must not get Garbo's name mixed up with my arrival. So I flatly denied knowing her.

"A few days later the captain of the boat sent me newspaper clippings. Across one front page was printed 'SWEDISH SCREEN STAR VISITS SAN DIEGO EN ROUTE TO CONQUER HEART OF THE SWEDISH STAR GRETA GARBO.' Another paper had a column about me titled 'THE VALENTINO OF SWEDEN.' This article said I was most secretive about my destination, but it was very evident that I was on my way to Hollywood.

"That is the nearest I have come to being a motion-picture star," he added dryly.

Instead of entering into the gay life that Sorensen expected to find in Hollywood, he found himself very much alone. When Garbo was working he was left to wander around her house and garden all by himself. He soon found

that Garbo had few friends and that she wasn't in any hurry to have him meet those few. She didn't want to go to the theaters in the evenings or out to any of the cafés to dine. He didn't know what to do with himself.

"I felt sorry for Sorensen," said Gustaf. "I knew the lonely sort of life he would lead if he depended upon Garbo to meet people or see the town. I suggested that he buy himself a car.

"I have always suspected that Sorensen's family did not intend their son should linger long in Hollywood. No doubt they thought he would be satisfied with a few weeks in the film capital. When he stayed on, I feel sure that they cut down on his allowance, hoping to hurry him home.

"At any rate, this boy, who I knew was accustomed to a princely allowance, was soon counting his pennies as carefully as I was.

"One day he asked me to help him buy a second-hand car. I took him to several second-hand car dealers. Finally he decided on a green Buick roadster. The next day Garbo called me into her room and said, 'I want you to stop going

around with Soren.' (Greta always called him Soren.) 'Leave him alone. I can take care of him myself.' Of course, I had to do as I was ordered. From then on I was always too busy to go out with him."

"My first drive after I bought my car was from my room on Sunset Boulevard to Garbo's house," said Sorensen. "Then I commenced to explore the streets around Beverly Hills. Many a time I got lost. One day I found my way to the Santa Monica beach. After that I wasn't so lonesome, for I liked to go in the surf. I often go down there and stay from morning until night."

After Sorensen learned his way about town, Garbo let him drive her to and from the studio. Occasionally she would invite him into the studio to watch her work.

Sorensen commenced to long to take an active part in the making of a picture. Finally he met Jacques Feyder. It was Feyder who gave him his first chance at directing.

For the first time in his life Sorensen was working at something in which he took keen

interest. He felt that at last he had found the thing he wanted to do more than anything else in the world. "I want to really accomplish something before I return home," he said.

He was now beginning to meet Garbo's few intimate friends. One night she took him with her to Ernst Lubitsch's house for dinner, and to his surprise he found his old friend John Loder there. He and John had last met in Berlin. Garbo was surprised to learn that one of her Hollywood friends had been a friend of Sorensen's. At another time he met the German director Berthold Viertel and his wife. Hollywood was commencing to stretch out friendly hands of welcome to him.

"Nearly every evening Garbo and I would go for long walks," said Sorensen. "I never knew anyone who liked to walk as well as she does. She can tire me out."

Often these two would walk from Garbo's house in Beverly Hills to John Loder's home in Hollywood, a distance of four miles. They always came unannounced.

"The bell would ring, and in would walk

Garbo and Sorensen," said John. "She would stride into the room in high spirits, laughing and talking in her deep throaty voice. But she would never stay long. If it was late we always served a lunch. Then she would get up abruptly and say, 'We must go,' and out they would go as unexpectedly as they had arrived.

"Garbo is a peasant at heart," John continued. "We often called her the 'Peasant of Chevy Chase.' At the beach or out in her garden, I have seen her sitting on the ground and digging her toes and hands into the sand and soil as if she would love to burrow right into the earth.

† "But she has the divine flame that carries her along and makes her the great actress that she is. Her two natures are constantly at war with each other. There is no doubt that at times she is a most unhappy person.

"Greta Garbo is a law unto herself. She will not endure restraint or routine. In the year and a half that I have known her I cannot remember that she ever made one definite appointment, even a dinner engagement, a day in advance. 'Perhaps I will drop in to see you to-morrow

night' is the nearest intimation of her intentions that my wife and I ever got.

"Many a night Mrs. Loder and I have stayed home on one of Garbo's half promises that she would call. Sometimes she would appear. Often she wouldn't. She never took the trouble to as much as telephone when she didn't come.

"I have known Jacques Feyder to refuse important engagements when Garbo was expected to call. If anyone else happened to drop in before Garbo's arrival she would steal quietly away without even ringing the door bell. She positively refused to meet any of our friends.

"And it made no difference who they were. I doubt if she would go across the street to be presented to the Queen of England."

When Ramsay MacDonald, son of the Prime Minister of England, was visiting Hollywood, he expressed a wish to meet the Swedish star. He had been shown through all the motion-picture studios. He had been taken on all the sets at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer but the one on which Greta Garbo was working.

Clive Brook, who was assisting in the enter-

tainment of the Prime Minister's son, telephoned his countryman John Loder, "Can't you arrange to have Mr. MacDonald meet Garbo, John? No one else seems to know how to go about it. You know her so well that no doubt it will be an easy matter for you."

But John knew better than to ask Garbo to meet anyone. When he told Mr. Brook that it would be useless to ask her, Clive answered, "Never mind. He will meet her anyway at the dinner Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is giving for him."

A few days later someone at the studio invited Garbo to attend the banquet they were giving in honor of the son of the Prime Minister of England. "I am sorry," was her answer. "But I am sick. I cannot come."

"She did enjoy going to the Russian Eagle," said Sorensen. "We used to dine there two and three times a week. The lights were dim, and Garbo could slip in and sit at one of the small tables against the wall without being recognized. She enjoyed the Russian food. She loved the Russian music, especially the fellow who played

on the steel guitar and sang Russian gypsy songs."

The Russian Eagle was a unique restaurant owned and managed by a former general in the Russian army, who had served under the czar. Like many others of his countrymen who had lost home and country after the revolution, the general was finding peace and contentment in the film city.

He employed Russians to cook for him, to wait on his tables, and to play in his orchestra. A nephew of Count Tolstoy took the patrons' wraps at the door. The general was always ready to give work to any of his countrymen who needed it. His restaurant was one of the most colorful eating places in the film capital.

But it was the cheaper, jazzier places near by that were drawing the crowds. Often only a dozen persons would be found dining at the Russian Eagle. Not long ago it was forced to close its doors. Had Garbo been willing to let the public know that she was a frequent guest, the place would have been packed, with a long line of people waiting for admittance, and the former

general would have reaped a fortune. The restaurants in Hollywood where the movie stars dine are crowded with tourists, hoping to catch a glimpse of their favorites. Garbo would have drawn, not only tourists, but the stars themselves.

But Greta Garbo has never permitted her name or picture to be used in connection with any kind of an advertisement. And she is one of the first stars an advertiser asks for when an advertising tie-up is made with celebrities of the screen.

One of the staff of the publicity department at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer once told me that an automobile tire concern offered Garbo ten thousand dollars if she would allow them to use her picture with an advertisement saying that she used their tires on her car. Garbo would not listen to such an idea.

"I told her that she'd better think it over. Few people in the world had a chance to make ten thousand dollars in cold cash without turning a finger," he said. "But she would not consider it."

Garbo was firm in the stand she had taken of neither giving nor selling any publicity of herself.

Another place Garbo liked to visit was the Apex Club, a colored cabaret in the colored district of Los Angeles. She often went there with John Loder and his wife, Feyder and Sorensen. Madame Feyder had gone to Europe for a visit. Mrs. Loder was the only woman left in her circle of intimate friends.

Small tables spread with checkered red and white tablecloths stand around the dance floor in the colored café. Paper roses and vines twine over trellises at the side of the room and hang from the ceiling. It is almost impossible to distinguish faces through the heavy cigarette smoke of the dimly lighted room. White people and colored rub elbows on the dance floor to the tune of a jazz orchestra. Between dances, colored minstrels stage a musical review. Once inside, Garbo felt safe from being recognized.

"Garbo got a great kick out of that review," John reported. "Especially the big black man, who, with a long cigar in his mouth, slides his

piano around the edge of the dance floor, while the chorus girls dance around the tables singing the blue songs he plays."

One evening Garbo decided that she wanted to have dinner at the Los Angeles Biltmore Hotel. The Biltmore grill is one of the most fashionable eating places in the city.

Mr. Feyder ordered a table, with an elaborate floral centerpiece, reserved for three. Garbo and Sorensen were to be Feyder's guests.

Garbo met them dressed in her usual costume of jersey suit and sweater with a soft felt hat pulled down over her eyes.

They went to a picture show first. When they got to the door of the Biltmore that leads into Peacock Alley, Garbo saw the crowd through which she would have to pass. Abruptly she turned back, saying, "Let's not go in there. Come on out to the Russian Eagle." And that was where they dined.

Sorensen was getting Garbo to go out in public occasionally. They lunched at the Ambassador Hotel several times, and in a restaurant hidden away in a seclusive apartment house

located on Wilshire Boulevard. "Garbo likes to sit unnoticed and study people," he said, "but she seldom gets the chance. People are usually staring at her."

Naturally Garbo enjoys the theater, but rarely goes because people nearly mob her. The one time that she attended a picture première, someone actually tried to tear a piece from her dress—for a souvenir.

She broke all rules when she attended a performance given by the Spanish dancer La Argentina at the Philharmonic Auditorium in Los Angeles. All Hollywood was anxious to see this famous Spanish dancer who gave but two performances here. The two nights she danced the huge auditorium was packed.

The night of her opening performance there was a stir in the audience when people recognized the tall girl with the mink wrap and the dark brown turban, entering a box, as Greta Garbo. She was accompanied by Sorensen and Feyder.

Word soon passed around that Greta Garbo was in that box. There was a noticeable murmur as the audience focused their opera glasses on

the Swedish star. Garbo tried to appear unconcerned as she laughed and chatted with her companions. When the curtain went up stars and directors were more interested in watching Garbo than the stage. No doubt they figured that they would have a chance to see Argentina again. They knew that it was most uncertain that they would ever have the opportunity to watch the Swedish star again in the flesh.

During the intermission Garbo with her escorts stepped out of the box into the hall to smoke a cigarette and get away from the eyes of the audience. Two lines quickly formed to pass Garbo. Picture people were crowding in with the general public. It was an amazing sight to see important stars of the screen waiting their turn to gaze at Garbo as she stood there crowding against the wall.

She couldn't endure the curious eyes staring at her. Followed by her escorts she suddenly hurried out to the lobby. When the curtain went up on the second act, Garbo was no longer in her seat in the box. A man had taken her place. It was some minutes before she was dis-

covered sitting down on the main floor beside a friend. This man had offered to change seats with her when he saw Garbo's despair at finding herself a target for all the eyes in the audience.

A few minutes before the final curtain, Garbo slipped out of the darkened auditorium.

After the performance, crowds waited in the lobby and lined the street in front of the theater, waiting to see the Swedish star. But she was speeding along the boulevard on the way to her home.

"Garbo enjoys going to motion pictures," said Sorensen. "She can slip in and out of the darkened theater unnoticed.

"She never likes to miss a picture Gary Cooper is in. She thinks he is a fine actor, and she enjoys the so-called he-man type he always plays. Garbo especially liked him in *Seven Days' Leave*.

"Garbo has never said that she would like to have Gary play with her, but she has said she would like to have Rod La Rocque for her leading man. She considers him one of the best looking, most sophisticated types on the screen.

“Garbo was anxious to see *All Quiet on the Western Front*. She wanted to see what kind of a picture could be made out of the book, and she wanted to see what Lew Ayers, who played the part of ‘the boy,’ would do.

“Garbo was disappointed with the story. She had read the book in the original German version. The play was made from the English translation, which is quite different. But she thought Lew did some very fine work.

“After the theater Garbo would enjoy going into one of the Hollywood restaurants, if people would not stare and whisper about her. One evening we went into the Brown Derby.”

This is one of the most popular eating places in Hollywood. It is owned by Herbert Somborn, former husband of Gloria Swanson, the father of little Gloria. During the lunch and dinner hour, it is crowded with picture celebrities, who have permanent orders for reserved booths that line the walls. Tourists stand in the entrance for hours, waiting to get to one of the tables, where they can see their favorites at close range and hear them as they call greetings to one another.

Garbo liked the deep leather wall seats in the little semicircular booths. She wanted to go over and look at the big circular counter where the tall chef, in white apron and starched cap, displays his salads, cold meats, and desserts. But she was afraid she would be recognized.

Although it was an hour when the place was almost deserted, someone finally recognized Garbo. When they commenced whispering and staring she was ready to leave.

Another time Garbo and Sorensen went to "Henry's," a rotisserie owned by the rotund comedian, Henry Bergman, friend of Charlie Chaplin, who always has a part in Charlie's pictures. It is rumored that the little comedian is a heavy stockholder in this restaurant. It is no uncommon sight to see Charlie, with a group of friends, come in for dinner or a midnight supper.

"Garbo and I dropped in late one afternoon for a cup of coffee and a sandwich," said Sorensen. "She had on her dark glasses, with her soft, wide-brimmed felt hat drooping about her face. We took a wall seat over in the corner.

"Two girls must have recognized her as we

were coming in. They came up to our table, held out their autograph book, and asked her to please write her name in it.

“Garbo shook her head and looked away. She has never done that sort of thing, and she does not want to start.”

Garbo is the only star in the film colony who has the reputation of refusing to write her name in one of these little books. Writing in tourists' autograph books is one of the celebrities' outdoor sports. Seldom can a star get out of his or her car or walk down the boulevard without having a dozen or so of these albums and a pencil thrust out. They are getting so adept at it that most of them can write while they run.

CHAPTER XIII

NO ONE knew that Garbo's birthday came on September 18th but Sorensen, Sigrid, and Gustaf. That morning Sorensen came over to have breakfast with his friend.

"He hurried into the house where Garbo, in pajamas, was propped up with pillows, reading the morning papers. She ordered her favorite breakfast of chipped creamed beef, poached eggs, and fried potatoes," said Gustaf.

"When I brought the breakfast tray in to them Garbo was laughing over a drawing Sorensen had made of her. He was very clever at sketching.

"This was a pencil drawing of Garbo dressed in a man's trench coat, wearing a derby hat and man's shoes. At one side of the picture was a

French poodle, on the other side a pair of galoshes.

“There is a story in Sweden called ‘The Lucky Galoshes.’ It is about an old man who found a pair of lucky galoshes. When he stepped into them good fortune came his way; if he took them off bad luck followed. The picture signified that Garbo had her choice of being a French poodle or stepping into the lucky galoshes.

“‘It’s great,’ she laughed as she held it off and looked at it. She kept this picture, in a silver frame, on her dressing table.

“Garbo and Sorensen spent the rest of the day in the garden, like a couple of kids laughing and talking and going in and out the pool. Sorensen, by the way, was the only friend who was free to use Garbo’s pool whenever he chose. He often came over for a swim when she wasn’t at home.

“Sigrid and I had made a birthday cake for Garbo and decorated it with twenty-four blue and yellow candles—Sweden’s colors. But Garbo told us she would not have dinner at home that night. She and Sorensen were going out.

They dined with Ludwig Berger and Pola Negri, at Mr. Berger's home.

"So I served the cake that afternoon with their coffee, which they had in the garden. They left about seven-thirty."

It was at this time that several of Garbo's admirers discovered her address. How they found it out was a mystery. The first one was a girl who lived in Texas. She commenced writing letters to Garbo claiming that she was a relative of Mauritz Stiller's and that she had a letter of introduction from him.

Mr. Stiller had been dead for nearly a year. Garbo threw the letters from this girl into the waste basket.

Then the girl commenced calling the star on long distance. First she called the studio. When Garbo didn't answer the studio telephone she called her home. Garbo has an ironclad rule that she will never talk to a stranger over the phone. Half of the time she won't even talk to her friends.

"A few weeks later," said Gustaf, "one night Sigrid and I were startled from a sound sleep by

a girl's voice calling, 'Miss Garbo. Miss Garbo,' over and over, under our bedroom window. I looked at my watch. It was nearly two o'clock in the morning. When I peeked out of the window I saw a girl and two men standing under our window in the driveway that led to the garage. All of them were wearing Shrine caps. This was during one of the Shriners' conventions in Los Angeles. They seemed to think that Garbo slept in one of the upstairs rooms, above us. But her bedroom was on the other side of the house, completely shut in by the high cement wall.

"I got dressed and went outside. When I asked them what they wanted the girl said she must see Greta Garbo. I replied that Miss Garbo did not live there. She insisted that she knew better. I ordered them off the place. Before they left the girl said that she had been writing and telephoning Garbo from her home in Texas. That she had something very important to tell her, and that Garbo would be sorry if she didn't see her.

"The next morning, Garbo, who had heard the

noise, wanted to know what it was all about. When I told her what had happened, she said, 'You did right, Gustaf. Don't ever let anyone like that in the house or even admit to them that I live here.'

"A few months later Garbo received a letter from this girl with a clipping from some newspaper on 'Why Greta Garbo Will Never Do for the Talkies,' that she had written. In her letter she told Garbo that that was what she got for not seeing her.

"Another time, for two days a young boy stalked up and down in front of the house. Several times he rang the bell and inquired for Garbo. Each time Sigrid or Gustaf told him that no one by that name lived there.

"Finally he got so bold as to walk up to the car when Gustaf drove it to the front door. When asked to leave he walked to the sidewalk, a few feet from the entrance of the house, and stood there waiting to see who came out.

"Of course Garbo wouldn't come outside with him standing there," Gustaf laughed. "She sneaked out the back and through the gate that

led into the alley. I backed the car into the garage, closed the doors, and drove into the alley through the rear doors, where I picked Miss Garbo up.

"She was always curious to know who the people were that tried to see her and what they wanted. The second day I went out to this boy and asked why he was so anxious to see Garbo. He said he was a student of one of the universities and that his paper had sent him out to get an interview with the Swedish star. I told him that he didn't have a chance. Finally he gave up and went away without even getting a glimpse of her."

Another time Gustaf told of a magazine writer who came all the way from Sweden to interview Garbo. At first she tried to reach her through the studio. When that failed, she called at the house. She pleaded with both Gustaf and Sigrid to arrange for a meeting with Garbo. When they refused, she begged them for an interview. They refused that also.

"I got tired of answering the door bell because that woman called so often," said Sigrid.

“One day I asked her to not come again when she said that she shouldn’t think I would be so anxious to shield Garbo. That she was nothing in Sweden. That she should feel proud to have anyone from her country want to interview her.’”

“But that woman didn’t give up,” added Gustaf. “She hired a car and commenced to follow us home from the studio. Several times her chauffeur tried to crowd us into the ditch. I suppose if he had succeeded she would have jumped out of the car and attempted to make Garbo say something. Garbo was furious with her.”

Again, a Swedish reporter whom Gustaf had met through mutual friends insisted that he be allowed to come into the house and interview Garbo. He got mean when Gustaf told him that he couldn’t think of doing such a thing.

One day Garbo came to Gustaf all wrought up. “What’s this that Nils Asther tells me about you hiding a Swedish reporter in my garden to watch me swim so that he can write a story for a Swedish motion-picture magazine?”

This man had actually told Nils that Gustaf had done that very thing.

Another nuisance was a man who lived in Wyoming.

"Each week he sent Garbo two exquisite orchids," said Gustaf. "And she liked them, too. If they arrived when she wasn't in I was ordered to unwrap them carefully, put them in a vase, and set them on her dresser in her bedroom.

"About three weeks after they started coming, he tried to get Garbo on long distance. Of course, she wouldn't talk to him. She had me say that she wasn't at home.

"Every week, a day or so after the flowers had arrived, he would call on long distance. 'What good would it do if I talked to him?' Garbo would say. 'He would only want to see me or ask some silly questions.'

"For three months he kept this up. Then both orchids and telephone calls stopped.

"At the same time another man from St. Louis was sending her boxes of candy two and three times a week. Garbo seldom eats candy herself, but she generally keeps it for her friends.

I think Sorensen ate most of the candy that this man sent.

“He too tried to get Garbo on long distance. But she wouldn’t talk to him either. He didn’t last as long as the man from Wyoming. In about two months he gave up, and the candy stopped coming.

“Garbo was always being pestered by men whom she had met at the studio. ‘Why can’t they let me alone!’ she would say. ‘They ought to know that I don’t want to see them.’

“One man, who worked in the art department at the studio was always stopping Garbo as we were driving home at night. He must have watched for her car. One day he would send her a big bunch of red roses. The next day he would be waiting to ask her if he couldn’t come to call. She would say, ‘Sure. Come over to-morrow,’ just to get rid of him.

“When he called the next day she wouldn’t be at home. He came time and time again before he finally realized that she wouldn’t see him.”

Most of the players who worked with Garbo on a picture knew her reputation of refusing to

become intimate with any of them. As soon as she finished a scene, no matter how impassioned it had been, she would look upon the persons she had been playing with as strangers.

Charles Bickford, her leading man in *Anna Christie*, was a newcomer from the New York stage. He had heard the stories of Garbo's aloofness, but he didn't take them seriously. She seemed to like this big, gruff red-headed chap. He was always joking with her on the set.

One day he brought a friend out to the set. He wasn't allowed to take his friend inside the black screen when Garbo was working. But the friend could look at her as she came and went from the set.

One day Bickford decided to introduce his friend to the star. They walked up to her as she was leaving for her dressing room. They were startled as well as annoyed when she swept past without as much as a glance.

"Garbo is keenly interested in the talkies," said John Loder. "Before they came she used to say that most of her pictures were silly. She was in them for the money. Now she thinks there are

wonderful possibilities for great dramas enacted upon the screen.

“But she dislikes studying and routine so much that I wonder if she will be willing to learn the long rôles that such pictures demand. She never would allow the studio to engage an instructor to help her in English diction. She loathes rehearsals. But those are things she will have to tolerate if she wants to do big things in sound pictures.”

Garbo wasn't satisfied with *Anna Christie*, although everyone at the studio who had seen the rushes and heard Garbo's voice predicted that the picture would be a sensation.

After it was completed the studio invited the motion-picture magazine and newspaper writers down to the preview. It was shown in one of the small projection rooms on the studio lot.

I will never forget the thrill of hearing Garbo's deep, rich voice coming from the screen. We were all surprised that she had so little accent. We were told that several of the scenes had to be retaken when it was discovered that Garbo didn't have enough accent necessary to make the

Swedish girl whom she was portraying, realistic.

Anna Christie was not given a première with high-powered klieg lights flashing on the stars as they got out of their limousines. The first-night seats were sold at the regular price instead of being boosted to five and ten dollars apiece. Everyone had supposed that the first Garbo sound picture would have all the ballyhoo Hollywood had up its sleeve.

Garbo attended the opening with Jacques Feyder and Sorensen. They slipped quietly into the theater. All during the performance she kept saying, "Isn't it terrible! Who ever saw Swedes act like that?" She insisted on stealing out long before the picture was over.

She thought Marie Dressler did some of the best acting in the entire production. The next day she had Gustaf drive her to a florist's, where she selected a big bunch of chrysanthemums that she took over to Miss Dressler's home.

As usual Garbo wanted to get away from Hollywood now that the picture was finished. The desert was beautiful at that time of year. She knew her friend Sorensen had never seen

any place like it before. It was different from anything they had in Europe.

The first desert resort in the Coachella Valley, Palm Springs, is a veritable oasis, nestling at the foot of the highest peak of the San Jacinto Mountains that tower upward more than ten thousand feet. It is known as the place where the desert and mountains meet.

Palm Springs got its name from the Hot Springs, that bubble up through thick hot mud on the Indian Reservation near by.

People who loved the desert started a little village there as far back as the '80's. It is still a village with quaint, low adobe houses scattered along the one main street.

But on the edge of the town have risen many beautiful homes and smart hotels. During the winter season these hotels are crowded to overflowing with guests who come from all parts of the world. As it is only a hundred and ten miles from Los Angeles, it draws thousands of tourists, especially in the spring, when the desert, dotted with wild flowers of every hue, stretches out for miles like a gay, colorful quilt.

Palm Springs is a popular resort with the stars from the film city. Almost any day during the winter months, celebrities can be seen playing tennis, swimming in the outdoor pools, galloping over the desert, or starting out for a moonlight barbecue up one of the many palm-lined canyons that wind their way far back into the mountains.

Garbo wanted Sorensen to see this delightful spot, but she did not want to stop there. There were too many Hollywood folks about. So they drove through Palm Springs, twenty miles on down the desert road to La Quinta, a small, charming hotel sitting all by itself out in the desert.

“La Quinta, the little hotel where we stayed, was a delightful place,” said Sorensen. “‘Such quiet and peace,’ Garbo would say. ‘Look out across the desert. It looks as though it went on and on and never stopped. And those snow-capped mountains. I love to watch their changing shadows. I think this is the most restful place I have ever found.’”

Garbo would lie for hours out in the sun. Early in the morning and late at night, when the moon

turns the desert into a fairyland, Garbo would order her horse and ride for hours over the sands. Sometimes she would explore the long palm-lined canyons.

She was fascinated by the story of the hermit who used to live all alone in a little hut in one of these canyons. She liked to hear how he roamed the mountains and desert, gathering the berries and nuts and dates on which he lived. She could understand why he moved away when tourists commenced to climb the trail that led up to his little cabin.

Garbo, who preferred to ride over the Bel-Air bridle trails, rode all by herself over the moonlit desert.

"You will laugh when I tell you," Sorensen said, "but I have horse fever. Not hay fever but horse fever. Whenever I smell 'horse' my eyes fill with tears and I start to sneeze. I cannot bear to go near one.

"There is one cowboy down at La Quinta who thinks I am crazy, and I don't blame him. One day while Garbo and I were having lunch he came in to ask her something about the horse

she was riding. He had a strong odor of the stables. I started sneezing violently. Between sneezes I implored him to talk to Miss Garbo later, after she got outside. He backed away from me as if he thought I had suddenly gone mad. Garbo laughed so hard she nearly fell off her chair.

"Some day we want to make a trip into Mexico. Like everyone else we are curious to see Tia Juana, just across the border from San Diego. They tell me that the one long main street is nothing but saloons and dance halls one after the other. After looking that town over, we would like to drive to the Agua Caliente Hotel.

Agua Caliente is called the Mexican Monte Carlo. It is a three-million-dollar pleasure resort, sumptuous enough for a motion-picture set, sprawling lazily on the bare brown hills of Mexico a short distance beyond the border of the United States.

There is a large hotel with bungalows nestling about it. There is a gay Casino, where all day long and far into the night ivory balls in the roulette wheels click as the croupiers rake in the

gold that is thrown on the green baize. About this big room stand tables where sleek-looking young men in white flannel trousers and dark blue coats offer every kind of game of chance. Motion-picture stars from Hollywood, visiting celebrities from New York, Paris, and all corners of the world, hurry over to these tables with their purses bulging with bank notes of huge denominations. Sometimes they come away with more than they started with. Usually they play until they leave with an empty purse.

The motion-picture producer Joseph Schenck made a record there, when he bet fourteen thousand dollars on one card in chemin de fer and won. Another time Raoul Walsh the director took away fifteen thousand dollars while he was on his wedding trip. But you don't hear about the losses.

All the gold is not on the gaming tables. Everywhere there are gold and glitter. The heavy crystal chandeliers that hang from the frescoed ceiling scatter golden light. Rich golden brocade drapes the big windows. Golden champagne bubbles from the bottles as it is poured into tall crystal glasses at the bar that runs across one

end of the Casino. The bar is built on a platform a few steps from the gambling room. With its heavy gilded railings, its long mirrors catching up the sparkle of the jewels as dainty fingers lift glasses to dainty lips, it seems more like a lavish stage setting than a reality. From the patio come the strains of the guitar as Spanish troubadours walk among the guests who are lunching outdoors. At night the big silver and red dining room is gay with dancers who glide over the polished floor.

The Casino is not the only amusement spot at Caliente. There are a golf course, hot mineral baths (Agua Caliente means hot water), horse-back riding, tennis, and one of the sportiest race tracks in the world only a mile or so away.

This hotel de luxe is owned and operated by three Americans who formerly lived in Los Angeles. Citizens of the United States feel safe from Mexican bandits under the protection of these men.

"But Garbo wouldn't want to stay there long," said Sorensen. "There are too many people for her. If she could get by unknown, it

would be fine. But she never could, and then there would be no more fun for her.

She wants to go on down the coast into one of the quaint little Mexican towns, where she can see real provincial Mexican life. Someone told her about the little town of Ensenada, where there are a fine American hotel and a splendid beach and bathing.

When Garbo returned from La Quinta she started talking about making *Anna Christie* in German. She remembered how the Germans welcomed her when she made her first personal appearance in Berlin with the showing of *Gösta Berling's Saga*. She knew that her silent pictures were very popular in Germany. She was anxious to make one in their language.

The studios were coming to realize that they must make foreign talkies if they intended to sell their pictures abroad. Germany was one of Hollywood's best customers. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was already making pictures in Spanish and French. Garbo would be the first big star to make a picture in a foreign version. The script of *Anna Christie* was translated into German.

But Garbo was not satisfied with the translation. She wanted several of the original scenes changed. She was determined that she would not make this picture again unless it was handled as she wanted it.

"She asked my wife to help her rewrite the scenario," said John Loder. "For nearly a month Mrs. Loder and Garbo met each day to work on the script.

"At that time we had a cottage at Malibu Beach. This was shortly before Christmas, when few of the picture people were living in their cottages. Garbo would never have come down there had it been in the crowded summer season.

"Nearly every afternoon her car would drive up to our door. After the girls had worked two or three hours, Garbo would get into her bathing suit and take a brisk hike along the beach. Then she would go for a swim.

"I never saw anyone who enjoyed the water as much as she does. She would swim out so far that we used to become worried for fear she wouldn't have strength to get back.

"She always liked to sit on the beach and

watch the sun set. 'It drops right into the ocean,' she would say. 'Isn't the world wonderful? Just think how that same sun is on its way to light up my country and all the countries on the other side of the world.'

"We didn't have any maid with us and Garbo would go out to the kitchen and try to help my wife with the dinner. She admitted that she didn't know much about cooking, but she was willing to do anything she was asked.

"After dinner she would laugh and chat while she dried the dishes. Then we would gather in front of the fireplace, filled with blazing logs, and talk about Europe. And not later than ten o'clock she was ready to go home."

CHAPTER XIV

Two days before Christmas Garbo decided she wanted a real Swedish Yuletide in her home. "I want my friends in for Christmas Eve. I want them again for Christmas dinner. We will get a big Christmas tree and armfuls of flowers and holly," she told Gustaf.

"Garbo and I went down to buy the decorations for the house. We loaded the car with holly and poinsettias. The Christmas tree, when we set it up in the corner of the living room by the piano, reached nearly to the ceiling," Gustaf said.

Garbo invited Mr. Feyder, Nils Asther, and Sorensen for supper on Christmas Eve. She invited Mr. and Mrs. John Loder, Sorensen, and Mr. Feyder for Christmas Day. Mrs. Feyder was still in Europe.

Garbo wanted to buy the decorations for the tree herself. She telephoned Mrs. Loder and her husband to join Sorensen and herself in Hollywood to do some shopping. She drove off in Sorensen's roadster.

"The first place we went was the Five and Ten Cent Store on Hollywood Boulevard," said John. "Greta selected a pile of Christmas-tree decorations. Then she said she wanted to buy some jokes. She bought a little silk brassière, a pair of lady's garters for her business manager, and an assortment of boys' neckties for Feyder. She had on a big gray coat. Her felt hat was pulled down over her face, but she had taken off her dark glasses. She was laughing and having a gay time when a plain little woman pushed up to her, laid her hand on her arm, and said, 'Miss Garbo, I think you are *wonderful!*'"

"All the laughter went out of Garbo. She seemed to freeze. Turning to me she said in German, '*Was will diese gute Frau von mir eigentlich?*'—which means, 'What does this good woman want of me?' She added quickly in an undertone, 'Let's get out of here.'

"She strode through the store out to the street, the woman looking after her in amazement.

"'God!' she said when we got outside. 'Can't I go anywhere without being pawed over by strange people?'

"We thought she was ready to turn around and go home. But while we were walking on down the street she saw a large chocolate kewpie doll in the window of a candy shop. She stopped in front of it, as excited as a child. 'Isn't it cute! Look at its fat little tummy—I must have it!' she exclaimed, hurrying into the candy store.

"But the woman behind the counter said the doll was not for sale, that it was made for the window display, and that they had no other. She tried to interest Garbo in some fancy boxes of candy. But she wanted nothing if she couldn't have the doll.

"It was nearly two o'clock, and we were all hungry. Garbo had forgotten about the little episode in the Ten Cent Store. She was again gay and good-natured. 'Let's go over to Musso-Franks' for lunch,' she said."

This is a popular-priced restaurant a block

below Grauman's Egyptian Theater, on Hollywood Boulevard. It is generally crowded, for the prices are reasonable, and the food is good. There is no style about the place. The one long room has a counter with high stools drawn up to it on one side. On the other side of the room are wall booths and small tables with chairs. A low partition separates the counter from the tables.

Garbo and her friends slipped into the last booth. "I often come in here late in the afternoon when the crowds have gone," she said. "There is a German waiter who serves me. I always order my food in German."

"We all laughed that day," said John, "at her dainty appetite when she ordered a steak and fried potatoes and beer for lunch."

After lunch they all walked down the street looking into the shop windows. Then Garbo decided she wanted to go to a Chinese store near Warner Brothers' Theater. She is crazy about Chinese things. Her favorite shop is a bazar on Sunset Boulevard, near Beverly Hills. That is the place where she buys most of her pajamas.

"She looked at almost everything in the

place," said John. "She bought several long pieces of embroidered strips of blue satin. Then she became interested in two carved Buddhas. She told the shopkeeper that he was asking too much for them. When he refused to come down on his price she walked out of the door. She sauntered up the street a little way, turned around, and went back into the shop again. She did this three times before he came down on his price. Then she bought the two pieces. As she came out of the store with them she laughed. 'You have to do it every time or they will cheat you.'"

Then Sorensen and Garbo hurried home.

Garbo wanted to decorate the Christmas tree. Gustaf had filled the vases all over the house with holly and poinsettias. He had strung festoons of red paper and bells about the hall, the living and dining rooms. Garbo tied red ribbons around the kittens' necks. She tied one around Polly's neck too, but he scratched it off.

Gustaf had woven the long cord of colored electric lights through the branches of the Christmas tree. Garbo added big red-glass balls, long strings of "rain," and bits of cotton "snow."

Sigrid loaned Garbo one of her tablecloths, such as they use in Sweden during the Christmas holidays. It was of fine linen with a border of figures in red.

This was spread on the dining-room table, and a big bowl of holly and poinsettias arranged for the centerpiece.

The fireplace was piled high with logs, ready to light as soon as the sun went down.

Garbo had set the time for her Christmas Eve supper at eight o'clock. The meal was to be just what every good Swede had the night before Christmas. Lutfish, julgröt, Swedish apple cake, and coffee.

Lutfish is something like codfish, but before it is cooked it must soak for weeks in various brines. Around the holidays the storekeepers have great kegs of it ready for their Swedish customers.

In the home it is prepared much like codfish. First it is soaked in cold water for half an hour, then it is gently boiled until tender. It is put on a platter and covered with a rich white sauce. The fish, with boiled potatoes and Swedish hard-tack and hot rolls, forms the main course of the supper.

Julgröt is rice cooked in milk, sweetened and seasoned with cinnamon. Just before serving, a raisin, an almond, and a tiny china doll are stirred into the creamy pudding. It is then heaped in individual sauce dishes and served with sweetened cream.

The fun is in seeing who draws the different tokens. The person who gets the raisin will be the first one at the table to become engaged. Whoever gets the almond will be the first to marry. The one drawing the doll will be the first to have a child.

Sorensen found the raisin in his first spoonful. A few seconds later Garbo had the little doll in her mouth. Nils Asther did not arrive for the supper. His dish contained the almond.

Nils and Vivian Duncan were married not long ago. At least the first prophecy of the Christmas pudding came true.

After supper Garbo and her friends gathered in front of the Christmas tree. The fire was lighted. The Swedish star was the Santa Claus who distributed the gifts.

She took down from the tree two stockings,

one for Sorensen and the other for Feyder. There was a lot of fun as they pulled out the "jokes" Garbo had bought for her friends.

Then Garbo took her own presents from the tree. There were a big box of flowers, a bottle of perfume, and another large box filled with candy. It was long past midnight when the friends bade their hostess good-night.

Christmas dinner was set for the following afternoon at four o'clock. Gustaf and Sigrid, who were given only a day's notice for this big repast, worked long into the night preparing the food.

Garbo wanted to serve a typical Yule Smörgåsbord. That meant at least twenty different dishes in addition to the main dinner.

Before her guests arrived, Garbo drew together the heavy red velvet curtains—"To make us think there is snow outside"—and lighted candles everywhere.

She had put on a dark brown silk dress and pumps for the occasion. The victrola was playing. There was a fire in the fireplace. It was all very gay and festive.

If Garbo had been in Sweden she would have

served cocktails before dinner, beer with the Smörgåsbord, sherry with the soup, sauterne with the fish, claret with the roast, champagne with the salad, liqueur with the coffee, followed by highballs alternated with Swedish punch and schnapps. There would have been "skaling" (to *skal* means to toast) all through the day and evening. But she was in Hollywood.

Smörgåsbord is served on a side table in the dining room, buffet style. Before the dinner each guest takes a plate and helps himself to this tempting food, which is a meal in itself.

That day at Garbo's there were all kinds of fish—dried, spiced, pickled, and jellied. There was a big plate of imported cheese. There were spicy meat loaves and little round hot meat balls, creamed sweetbreads, fried kidneys, tiny omelets made with mushrooms, crab, and anchovies.

Then the roast duck was brought in, steaming hot and browned to a turn. In Sweden duck is the *pièce de résistance* instead of turkey. There were three different vegetables. There was a vegetable salad. For dessert there was Swedish apple cake and coffee.

“After dinner, when we were so stuffed that we could hardly move, Garbo challenged us to go in the pool,” laughed John, “and we took her up on it. It was nearly eight o’clock. We had sat around the table eating and talking for over three hours. Garbo thought we needed some exercise.”

“There was plenty of excitement and noise in Garbo’s pool that night,” said Gustaf. “You would have thought there were twenty people out there instead of only five. They were glad to gather in front of the blazing fireplace after they had dressed.

“Garbo was very fond of her victrola. She had some songs by Sophie Tucker that she used to play when she was in low spirits to cheer herself up, and when she was in high spirits to make herself feel gayer. They were something about ‘Low Down’ and ‘Oh, What a Man!’ She got these out Christmas night and played them over and over.”

Then she started playing the Swedish records that Sorensen had brought over with him. One was about Garbo. It was an act taken from a

musical review. After some dance music a man and woman commenced gossiping about Garbo dancing with Prince Sigvard. The skit ended with, "But be careful, Garbo. There is a day to-morrow coming."

Sorensen told how he had written a song about Garbo that was sung in a musical review in Stockholm. He wrote it while she was attending a dinner party to which he had not been invited. When he took it over to the stage manager of the theater and told him that Garbo and a party would be in the audience that evening, the manager had the song sung that night, much to Garbo's amusement.

"I thought the party would never break up," said Gustaf. "Suddenly Garbo stood up, as she often did, saying in Swedish, '*Gå nu med sie,*' which means, 'Out of here now, all of you.'"

"Garbo had planned to go out with Feyder New Year's Eve, and Sigrid and I were to have that evening to ourselves. But something must have gone wrong. We left the house about five o'clock, and Garbo was in her room in bed. She was still in bed when we got in about two o'clock

in the morning. She had spent New Year's Eve alone with her kittens, her dog, and her parrot.

"On New Year's Day Garbo went for a horse-back ride. Sorensen came over in the afternoon and waited until she came home. When she arrived they had coffee and cookies in the patio and sat talking until dinner time.

"After a gay time Garbo often lapsed into a moody spell. Then she would stay in her bedroom for days, coming out only to swim or take a walk at night. Sorensen was the only person she saw. Often she gave orders not to let him in, but he would insist on being admitted. He would stay only a few minutes, and then leave. Garbo didn't want to talk to anyone when she was in one of her moods.

"But she would always talk to Polly. Sometimes in German, sometimes in Swedish. Often she would say, 'Polly, you are pretty smart!' Polly would say nothing to that.

"She commenced worrying about the next picture she was to make. The studio wanted her to do *Romance*. Garbo didn't want to make it. Her business manager used to come over to the

house and argue with her over it. For some reason or other the studio was not ready to start work on the German version of *Anna Christie*.

"One day her manager brought Bess Meredith, who wrote the scenario for *Romance*, over to the house to talk with Garbo. They had a long conference. When it was ended Garbo had agreed to make the picture.

"The next day she regretted that she had let them persuade her to do it. She called her manager on the telephone, and there was another argument. She finally banged up the receiver saying, 'All right. I will do as I agreed.'"

Garbo was beginning to be annoyed over the publicity she was getting as Fifi Dorsay's friend. She never liked to have her name linked with anyone in Hollywood.

Gustaf says that Fifi never was in Garbo's house. She often called on the telephone and asked that Garbo call her when she came home. Whether Garbo called or not Gustaf did not know.

After she saw *Hot for Paris* Garbo liked Dorsay's acting and said she would like to meet this

little French girl. So one night it was arranged to have her dine with Garbo and Feyder and Sorensen at the Russian Eagle. Garbo had dinner with her twice after that. Then Dorsay gave out some interviews about being Garbo's intimate. After that Garbo would see her no more.

"I never knew Garbo to get excited over any motion picture until we went to see *The Love Parade*. Chevalier was the star, and the picture was directed by Ernst Lubitsch," said Sorensen.

All during the performance Garbo kept gripping Sorensen's arm and whispering, "Isn't it marvelous?" When they got in the car to start home she said: "It hit me right here," putting her hand on her heart. "Such fine acting, such finesse." Then suddenly she exclaimed, "I must see Lubitsch. I want to take him some flowers. Let's drive to a florist's right now."

It was nearly eleven o'clock, but Garbo filled her arms with flowers and drove over to Mr. Lubitsch's house. When the door opened, Lubitsch was standing in the hall to see who was calling at that hour of the night. There were guests in the front room. Garbo ran up to him,

threw her arms around his neck, and kissed him. There were tears in her eyes as she told him what a fine job he had done, making the picture. You know Garbo thinks as much credit goes to the director as to the actors, when the picture is a success. But she wouldn't go in and sit down. She handed Lubitsch the flowers and hurried out. Since then he has often spoken of the night.

Garbo never talks much about Mauritz Stiller. She feels that he would have made great pictures over here had he been willing to learn English and be patient with the problems that all foreigners have to contend with in a strange country. It was a great disappointment to him to think that the Americans did not consider his work fine. He did not live to know that his picture, *Hôtel Imperial*, made at Lasky's, was given the prize as the second best picture of the year. The money that went with the prize was paid to his estate after his death.

Mr. Stiller left no will. He didn't think he was going to die, although he had not been well for some time. There was nothing serious the matter until he took a bad cold that developed into

pneumonia. When an operation to drain his lungs was found necessary, the doctors knew he had small chance for recovery.

His old friend Victor Seastrom was in Stockholm on a visit. Stiller would see only a few people, and Seastrom was one of them. Mr. Seastrom was asked to suggest to Stiller that he make out a will. It was a difficult thing to do.

One day Seastrom had a chance to suggest it. But Stiller only laughed. "You think I am going to die. Well, I am not. I don't need to make my will yet."

But he did die, in a few days. As there was no will, the property was divided between his three surviving brothers, one living in Los Angeles, one in San Francisco, and another in Europe.

After the estate was settled, Garbo received a letter stating that she might choose something of Mr. Stiller's to remember him by. She asked for a piece of furniture in his apartment in Stockholm. Perhaps it was the little chair she sat on that day when, shaking with fright, she waited in the office in his home to ask him for a part in *Gösta Berling's Saga*.

CHAPTER XV

GARBO's lease on her house was about to expire. She had not been able to find another place that suited her. The owner knew that she did not want to renew the lease on account of the neighbors who were always looking into the garden.

His property was for sale, and he had been very angry when Garbo refused to let prospective buyers go through the house. When she asked for an extension until she could find another place, he did not want to give it. Finally her business manager persuaded him to allow her a little more time.

Gustaf and Sigrid were anxious to quit their adventure of housekeeping for a star. Gustaf was anxious to get back into something where he could have a little time of his own. He still

had his dream of going into pictures, but he knew that it would be useless to ask Garbo's help. He made up his mind never to let her know that he had hoped that she might help him.

His father and mother had moved to Los Angeles. They had built a lovely home near the Los Angeles Country Club. In their walled-in garden was a swimming pool, deep enough for his mother to take her high dives. The long hours at Garbo's gave him no time to spend with his family. They did not like the idea of their son working as a servant. They advised him to find something else to do.

Garbo was having one of her colds. She decided to go to Swoboda Hot Springs to take a treatment of the hot mineral baths.

Nils Asther, who came to call so often, had told her about this resort, located about a hundred miles from Hollywood. The fact that the hotel had small bungalows connected with it, where she could live away from the crowds, appealed to her. She knew she could get a much needed rest down there. When Mr. Asther offered to drive her and Sorensen down she decided to go.

Gustaf and Sigrid knew that Garbo could not make the trip if they left. So they decided to stay until she had had her vacation.

"Mr. Asther's car broke down before they got to Swoboda," said Gustaf. "And they had a lot of trouble getting it fixed. In about a week, when Garbo was ready to come back, she didn't want to take a chance in his car. She telephoned me to come for her.

"The tires on her car were nearly worn through. I knew they would never stand that trip. So I went down to the garage and ordered two new ones.

"She noticed them the minute I drove up in front of her bungalow. 'I see you have new tires,' she said. 'Why did you get them without my permission?' When I explained that the others were nearly gone, she did not seem to mind. And I had expected a big row on my hands.

"Garbo, as a rule, never paid any attention to the housekeeping, so one morning when she called Sigrid into her room and got down on her knees and tried to show that the floor was dirty, Sigrid was astounded. She came into the kitchen

in tears and asked me to go in and see what I thought of the floor.

“There was a little film of dust, as there is on any floor after it has gone a half day and night without dusting.

“Garbo was in one of her moods when nothing and no one pleased her. I thought it was a good time to remind her that we were leaving in two weeks and that she would soon have someone who would probably suit her.

“She changed as quick as a flash. ‘But I don’t want you to leave. Can’t I call attention to a little dirt if I want to? Everything is all right. Forget all about it.’ But I told her that we had definitely made up our minds to go. That it was not because she had found fault with Sigrid, but that I had found a new position. That Sigrid was not well and needed a rest. That she had better look about to find someone else, as we would be leaving two weeks from that day.

“But Garbo didn’t seem to take us seriously. She made no effort to find anyone to take our place.

“The last night we were to be there I went in

to have a talk with her. She was in bed, as usual. When I told her that we were going the next morning she said, 'But you can't leave me like this. There will be no one to look after the house.'

"I told her that I was sorry, but that I had given her plenty of time to look after that. I turned over my little black account book and the receipts. Also the money I had left from the weekly check she had given me for her personal expenses. I explained to her about the groceries left in the kitchen, little details about the car, and so on. Then I asked her to have her business manager come over in the morning so we could check up on the dishes, silver, and linen. I didn't want any trouble about missing articles when she was ready to move, as I knew she would be soon.

"Early the next morning her business manager came over. Carefully we checked up on everything.

"He told me that he was very sorry to see us leave, that when he had first met us he had felt that we were too young for the responsibility of

taking care of Garbo's house and shielding her from the people who he knew would try to annoy her. He had hoped that we would be contented to stay on with her. He wanted to know if we were leaving because we weren't satisfied with the salary Garbo was paying us.

"We told him that was not the reason, that we were tired of working as servants. I felt like telling him that I was very tired of having him call me a liar, as he often did, when I insisted that Miss Garbo was not at home, and he knew that she was and knew that I knew he knew.

"He asked me if I would work as Garbo's chauffeur, even though Sigrid didn't want to work. I told him that I had a position at one of the studios. Not as an actor, but in the modeling department, where miniature sets of the pictures to be made are modeled in plaster of Paris, and where ornaments for the completed sets are made.

"He turned to Garbo and said, 'We will have to get Alma' (her personal maid at the studio) 'to come over and look after you until we can find someone else.'

"We said our good-byes, and since then we have not seen Garbo.

"Neither of us will ever forget the months we lived in the same house with this strange girl. Day after day we saw the real Garbo without pose or pretense. Yet we never felt that we actually knew her. There was something distant and aloof about Garbo that neither of us could penetrate. She is different from anyone we have ever known."

Garbo was getting ready to start on *Romance*. The studio was having trouble finding a leading man to suit their star. Test after test had been made. As each one was run off in the projection room Garbo had put thumbs down. She is one of the few stars who has absolute choice of her leading man. Finally a test of a young man, taken for a Norma Shearer picture, was put on the screen. For the first time Garbo sat up and took notice. She asked that this test be run again. Then she wanted to know the name of this chap. She had decided that he was the young man she wanted for her lead.

Greta Garbo did not know that Gavin Gordon

was one of her most ardent fans. That he had come to Hollywood because he wanted to be near her. She didn't know that he had left the New York stage, where he had made good as leading man to Peggy Wood and Jane Cowl, to enter the films, hoping and praying that sometime he might get into a Garbo picture. She did not know that after two years of small parts here and there Hollywood had almost beaten him. She only knew that here was the type of man she needed to play the rôle of the clergyman who falls a prey to the charms of the notorious opera singer in *Romance*.

It had been days since Gordon had made the test for the Norma Shearer picture. He had given up hope of hearing from it when he was called out to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. When he was told that he had been cast as lead for Greta Garbo in *Romance* he thought there had been a mistake. When he heard that Garbo herself had chosen him he could scarcely believe his own ears.

There probably isn't an actor in Hollywood, even a star, who wouldn't be thrilled to get in a

Garbo picture. As John Barrymore once said, "I, like every other actor in the film colony, hope some day to play with the Swedish star."

And Garbo herself had actually chosen Gordon for her lead, after all these months of his dreaming and hoping that he would meet her.

The day he was to start on *Romance* he was hurrying to the studio in his car. Perhaps he was not watching the road as he dreamed of his wonderful good luck. Perhaps his mind was busy with the lines he would soon be saying to Greta Garbo. At any rate, he crashed and was thrown from his car to the pavement. He tried to get up. Knifelike pains shot up and down his arm. But he thought of only one thing: "I must get to the studio."

Somehow he got to his dressing room. He kept telling himself he was all right as he struggled with his make-up. The sweat poured down his face. Although he was weak from the sharp pains that kept darting up and down his arm he was determined that nothing should stop him from starting work that morning.

But human nature can stand only so much.

After an hour of excruciating pain he fainted in Greta Garbo's arms.

He awoke to find himself in a hospital. When he tried to get up, stabbing pains shot through his shoulder. A nurse explained that he must not move, that he had a fractured collar bone, a dislocated shoulder, and numerous torn ligaments.

When he insisted that he must return to the studio, the nurse called the doctor in to quiet him. He told him how much Garbo and the director admired his pluck, and that he would not lose his part in her picture. She and the director had figured out that they could take scenes in which he didn't appear, while his shoulder was mending.

After the picture was finished Garbo knew she didn't like *Romance*. She had made it against her own judgment. She felt that it was not the play for her.

Producers try to keep the first showing of their big pictures secret. They do not want them reviewed until they are certain there will be no more cutting or retakes. They took *Romance* to San Bernardino, a distance of sixty-five miles,

for the preview, hoping that none of the motion-picture critics would have a chance to see it. But there is an underground railway in Hollywood that carries such news. There were several critics in the audience when *Romance* was unexpectedly slipped in with the regular night's program.

The audience cheered and stamped their feet with delight. Seeing a Garbo preview was an unheard-of treat in San Bernardino. The general opinion after the show was that *Romance* was a big hit.

In a few days the studio ran another preview of *Romance* at the Belmont Theater in Los Angeles. The producers now wanted the reaction of a city audience. Garbo and Sorensen slipped into the darkened theater. Garbo could have wept when she heard her supposed Italian accent. Trying to speak with an Italian accent, she had lapsed into a Swedish accent. She thought it was terrible. At times she couldn't understand her own words. She knew she had made a mistake trying to speak with the accent of a language that she did not know.

She wanted to get away from it all. A few days later she and Sorensen took the train for San Francisco. The trip up the coast seemed to rest her and take her mind from Hollywood and the worries of a star.

When they arrived in the city Garbo and her friend registered at the Fairmount Hotel. No one recognized "Miss Sorensen" as the famous Greta Garbo.

San Francisco was cool that day, with a heavy fog drifting in from the bay. It reminded Garbo of Stockholm. The cold, damp air was exhilarating. She slipped into the heavy tweed coat she loves to wear. She pulled her soft felt hat down over her face. The two friends started out to explore Chinatown.

They drove all through the narrow winding streets. They had a guide show them through one of the opium dens that had been in use before the earthquake. Garbo was fascinated with the tales of the underground passages and rooms where the Chinese sold dope to hop heads, and listened to tales of the terrible fate of these people who were caught like rats in a trap when the earth-

quake buried hundreds of them alive down in their murky dens.

She was delighted with the Chinese shops. She bought embroidered silks and carved wooden dragons. She laughed over the strange food as they lunched in a little Chinese restaurant.

Then they drove through the notorious Barbary Coast district. They were told of the days before prohibition, when every other building on either side of the long street was a saloon, and policemen were stationed on each corner to try to separate the sailors, who were always fighting as they hurried to and from their boats anchored in the harbor. They had notorious speakeasies pointed out to them, where liquor was sold that had been smuggled in from foreign boats that were daily steaming in and out through the Golden Gate.

Then they crossed the ferry to Oakland and Berkeley and drove all through the grounds of the state university. Garbo was showing her friend a bit of the United States. This was the first trip he had made to any big city outside of Los Angeles.

That night, when they returned to San Francisco, they dined in a restaurant set high above the cliffs that border the ocean. Garbo sat for nearly an hour watching the waves break on the rocks below.

The next morning the star wanted to cash a traveler's check. Greta Garbo could not cash a check in the hotel where she was known as Miss Sorensen. She stepped into a bank around the corner. The young man at the cashier's window got the surprise of his life when he read Greta Garbo on the check that was handed to him.

When he looked up he didn't believe that this plain-looking girl in a heavy tweed coat with her hat pulled down over her face was the glamorous Greta Garbo he had admired upon the screen.

Hurriedly he went over to one of the bank officials saying that some girl was trying to impersonate the famous motion-picture star. Garbo saw curious eyes turned in her direction. She was annoyed. She was very curt to a bank official who came up to question her. It didn't take her long to convince him who she was. She didn't wait to hear their apologies for doubting her identity.

She took her money and hurried out of the bank as quickly as possible.

When she got back to Hollywood, Garbo learned that her manager had found a new house. It was Marie Prevost's home on Camden Drive, a few blocks on the other side of the Beverly Hills hotel. Garbo liked the corner location, where there were no neighbors to look down at her from upstairs windows. She liked the big garden with its swimming pool inclosed by a high wall. There was a roomy upstairs bedroom with cement steps from it leading into the garden below. There was an alley into which the garage opened, so that she could slip out the back way if annoyed by strangers. She signed a year's lease immediately, at six hundred dollars a month.

But the first night she slept in the house Garbo knew she had made a big mistake in coming there. The street cars, that she thought would not bother her, a block and a half away, kept her awake most of the night.

In the clear, still California night air, they sounded as if they were under her window, when

they stopped and started at the station below.

In a few weeks Garbo decided she could live there no longer. She was nervous from lack of sleep. Sorensen started out to find the kind of place he knew she wanted.

Since Garbo had commenced to be seen in public with Sorensen and Mr. Feyder, the motion-picture colony believed she was coming out of her long retirement. Several celebrities sent her invitations to dinner parties. Among them was an invitation to Pickfair to a banquet Mary Pickford was giving for her house guest, Lady Mountbatten.

But Garbo was not accepting any invitations outside of her own little circle of friends. She sent her regrets.

Then Miss Pickford wrote her a four-page letter explaining that Lady Mountbatten was very anxious to meet the Swedish star.

"It will be the same old thing," Garbo said to one of her friends. "Strangers staring at me and talking about me. I will be expected to dance, and I despise dancing. I can't do it." And again she sent her regrets.

A few days later she received an invitation to a dinner party that Marian Davies was giving in honor of Lady Mountbatten. Garbo couldn't accept one invitation and not the other, even had she wanted to. She sent her regrets.

But titled ladies, it seems, expect to be presented to those they are desirous of knowing, no matter who they may be. A few days later, while Garbo was working on the set at the studio, word was sent back that Lady Mountbatten was visiting the lot and that she would like to meet Miss Garbo.

Garbo has issued an ultimatum that she is in to no one at the studio. That day she made no exceptions. Lady Mountbatten returned to England without meeting Garbo.

"Garbo does not care to meet strangers, no matter who they are," said Sorensen. Neither does she care for Hollywood society. She has nothing in common with it. She isn't interested in their gossip, scandal, and jealousies. A big party with each star trying to outshine the other does not appeal to Garbo.

"We often laugh over Beatrice Lillie's answer

to the reporter who asked her what she thought of Hollywood society: 'There is none.'

"Hollywood has its first family, like every other city under the sun. Pickfair is the acknowledged seat of royalty in the film colony.

"Then comes one clique after the other, each one thinking it is superior to the other. The members are usually drawn together through some hobby such as tennis or bridge or lying about on the sand at Malibu Beach.

"It is easy to get into one of these cliques. It does not matter if you have been a nursemaid or a chorus girl or a 'hooper.' If you are drawing two thousand dollars a week or more, you are accepted in the smartest of them—provided you surround yourself with the necessary 'props.'

"First, you must have a big home where the crowd is welcome any time of day or night. There must be a swimming pool in the garden and a whoopee room in the attic or cellar. You must have a town car and a chauffeur, no matter how much you would like to have a little car that you could drive yourself.

"With that setting, all you need to do is to—

'pretend.' Pretend that you are used to wealth and luxury. That you are a great student. If you don't know who Confucius, Epictetus, or Velasquez are, just pretend you do, if their names are mentioned. If you are a clever actor or actress you can get away with anything in Hollywood.

"It isn't necessary to know about the latest books if you know the latest scandal of the film colony. You must know who is going with whom. Each clique must be well posted about the doings of the other cliques.

"The smartest group is the one whose dinner parties are the most brilliant—the fellow who can put on the biggest show.

"There is no doubt that the actresses wear beautiful gowns: part of their stock in trade is to be well dressed. But you can't complain about simplicity in Hollywood.

"The imported creations and array of jewels we see nightly in Hollywood would put a royal court ball to shame. Some of the stars remind me of a bowl of flowers filled with orchids, peonies, and lilies. Very flashy and expensive, but in exceedingly bad taste.

“But stars must have their orchids, as they spell wealth and luxury. I once heard a story about an actress who refused to go to a première because her young man had sent her a corsage of gardenias instead of orchids. She said she wouldn’t be seen wearing those cheap flowers.

“Because Garbo prefers simple clothes she is called eccentric. But she doesn’t care a snap what Hollywood thinks about her clothes or the way she lives. She refuses to become one of the crowd.”

CHAPTER XVI

GARBO did not care for her new home. She couldn't sleep nights on account of the noise from the street cars. The streets at the side and front of her house were main traveled highways. Garbo wanted seclusion. Meanwhile Sorensen was looking for a house near the beach.

One day he hurried into the garden, calling out, "Put on your hat and coat and come with me. I've found just the place you have been looking for." While they got in the car he explained that the place was on San Vicente Boulevard, but the car track that ran down the center of the street was so far from the house the noise of the cars could scarcely be heard. Besides, the track was not a main line, just a short spur from the Soldiers' Home to Santa Monica. The cars

were small and didn't run often. He felt sure they would not annoy Garbo.

Garbo had paid little attention to the district where the house was located, although she had passed through it hundreds of times on her way to the beach. When Sorensen stopped in front of a large lot walled in by tall cypress trees she remembered she had often wondered what kind of house was hidden behind them and who lived inside. There was a large piece of vacant property to the right of the lot. The house to the left was separated by the thick tall hedge of cypress, more formidable than a cement wall, as the trees towered high above the housetops.

Sorensen turned his car past the blue mail box, perched on a post in front, and drove into the driveway. This only entrance to the property was through a tunnel made of a solid wall of cypress trees growing together in an arch at the top, so thick and close that not a ray of sunlight filtered through. The only building that could be seen from the street was the garage that blocked the end of this driveway.

Sorensen stopped the car in front of the ga-

rage. On the other side of the tunnel was one of the loveliest gardens Garbo had ever seen. The thick cypress wall completely barred the world outside. Within was the peace and quiet of a convent.

Garbo strode across the velvety green lawn to the big aviary that stood at the side of the garden. "Look at those cunning parrots!" she cried. "There must be dozens of them."

Mr. Armstrong, owner of the house, later told me that the big screen cage houses over two hundred birds. Among them are eight varieties of parrots and parrakeets.

Garbo hurried over to the lovely pool near by, where a fountain was sending a feathery spray of water high into the air. She walked around the edge of the water examining the flowering shrubs.

"It is very beautiful," she said, "but I do wish it was intended for swimming.

"What is the front like?" Garbo asked as she suddenly turned and walked around the large two-story cream-colored stucco house, with its red tiled roof that lazily sprawled its length across the lawn.

As she turned the corner she stopped suddenly and put her hand to her throat. She stood silent for thirty seconds looking over the velvety lawn that ended abruptly with a sheer drop of seventy-five feet into the canyon below where the greens of the Riviera Country Club golf course wound through the canyon like a river. The nearest front-door neighbors could scarcely be seen across the wide chasm over half a mile away. The high sharp mountains in the distance outlined the sky like the back drop in a motion-picture set.

“What quiet and peace! Why couldn’t I have found this place long ago?”

As she peered over the edge of the front lawn Garbo discovered the winding wooden steps that lead into the bottom of the canyon. For the last year she has made daily trips down these. Early in the morning or late at night, when the greens have been deserted by golfers, a lonely figure can be seen striding the length of this deep canyon. At last Greta Garbo has found a secluded path where she can walk for miles unseen and undisturbed.

When she wants to gallop over the hills, she dons her riding habit, runs down these steps, crosses the canyon to a stable on the other side where she keeps a horse. In a few minutes she is riding over the secluded bridle trails that wind over the near-by hills.

"I love it all!" she cried.

She looked up at the balcony that opened out from the bedrooms upstairs. She liked the flagstones that extended about six feet across the front of the house.

When she walked into the big living room and saw the wide fireplace built up on the circular dais she said, "This is perfect."

There was a sun room opening out of the living room on the left. The dining room and kitchen were on the other side of the house.

A stairway from the living room led up to three bedrooms and two baths. "This will be mine," said Garbo when she walked into the big corner room looking out over the wide canyon.

When Garbo remarked that she loved the red and yellow cretonne in parrot design that covered one of the couches, the owner agreed to have

slip covers made of the same material for other chairs and another couch.

When Greta moved in, the living room was very gay with this new bright cretonne. In this room she set up her lares and penates—her numerous Chinese images and the beautiful embroidered Chinese robes she loves.

Her business manager did not like it because Garbo had taken a second house. He told her it would be difficult to sublet the one she already had. Garbo said she wouldn't lose the chance of getting the house on San Vicente Boulevard if she couldn't sublease the Prevost house at all.

When she moved into this new home Garbo brought with her a French housekeeper.

Harry, the Japanese gardener who had been with the owner for several years, remained to continue his care of the aviary and garden.

After she was settled, she said to Sorensen, "This is where I will live as long as I stay in Hollywood."

Garbo had a couch hammock with a canvas awning set up in the garden at the back of the house. She brought out a table and chairs so that

she could have lunch served there. She brought out her medicine ball and dumb bells. At last she had found a place where no curious eyes could watch her.

But Garbo soon found that she could not hide away from Hollywood. One morning, sitting in her garden, intent upon the book she was reading, she looked up to see a man coming towards her.

She sprang to her feet angrily, ordering him off the place. He pleaded for a few words with her. But Garbo turned and fled into the house.

Another time Garbo looked out her bedroom window to discover four little girls picking flowers in her garden.

When her housekeeper went out to stop them they laughingly explained that they had made a bet that each one would get a bouquet of flowers from Garbo's garden.

As there is no swimming pool in the garden Garbo gets into her bathing suit, slips into a top coat, and in five minutes is down to the beach for her dip.

No one recognizes the tall girl with a green visor pulled down over her forehead and an old

bathrobe swinging from her broad shoulders as the exotic Greta Garbo of the screen.

When she wants to lie on the sand in the sun she drives up the coast two or three miles away from the crowds.

One day Garbo's business manager came out to tell her that she had been invited to talk over the radio to London at the opening of the première of *Anna Christie*. There was to be an international hook-up. It would be one of the greatest advertising propaganda stunts a star ever had.

But Garbo did not want to talk over the radio to London. It made no difference to her when she was reminded that even Lindbergh had been willing to do that.

For four days her business manager pleaded and argued. But it did no good. Garbo would not talk over any radio anywhere.

And she did not like *Red Dust*, the story that had been selected for her next picture. The papers had already announced that it would soon start production.

After *Romance* Garbo decided that she would

not be persuaded to make another picture against her judgment. She would quit pictures and go home first. The studio had dealt with the Garbo temperament before. They knew that when she said "No" she meant it. One day it was announced that *Red Dust* had been withdrawn.

It was rumored in Hollywood that Garbo had left town. No one knew where. But Garbo was quietly getting ready to do the German version of *Anna Christie*, with Jacques Feyder as director. This was what she had longed to do. With Feyder as the director she was sure *Anna Christie* would be the great picture she had hoped it would be when she started it in English.

An entire new cast was selected. Mrs. Berthol Viertel, the wife of the German director, was selected to play the part done by Marie Dressler. A German actor, Theo Shall, was cast to play Charles Bickford's part. Rudolph Schildkraut was to be the father of Anna, formerly played by George Marion.

Garbo ordered a new wardrobe. She and Feyder went over the script, changing several of the scenes. Everyone noticed the Swedish star's

enthusiasm over the German version of *Anna Christie*. She and Feyder agreed on the way the picture should be handled. There was no friction on the Garbo set.

One morning, during rehearsal, Mr. Schildkraut was stricken with a heart attack. A doctor was hurriedly called. It was thought that after a good night's rest the veteran actor would be all right. But Mr. Schildkraut passed away in his son's house that night, just before dawn. A German actor—a newcomer to Hollywood—was chosen to take his place. The show must go on.

"Garbo is wonderful in the German version," said Sorensen. "She isn't a bit nervous or tense. She is the natural Garbo, feeling and acting as though she were Anna Christie.

"And Mrs. Viertel is marvelous as the old drunken wharf woman. She was a famous actress in Berlin before she retired from the stage some time ago. She and Garbo have become great friends.

"Garbo thinks this is one of the finest pictures she has ever made. She gives most of the credit to Jacques Feyder, the director."

So that Sweden may hear Garbo speak, the studio has decided to make a Swedish version of *Anna Christie*. The American picture will be run silent. Voice doubles speaking the lines in Swedish will be used for everyone except Garbo. She, of course, will say her own lines in her native tongue.

Many pictures have been made with German, French, and Spanish dialogue. Garbo will be the first Hollywood star to make a Swedish picture. Paramount, in their studio in Paris, have already made a Swedish talkie with Swen Garbo a featured player.

CHAPTER XVII

WORD got out in Hollywood that Garbo's next picture was to be *Sappho*. Tom Douglas, noted juvenile stage actor, was asked if his muscles were strong enough to carry a girl weighing around one hundred and twenty-five pounds up a long flight of stairs. Metro was looking about for Garbo's new leading man.

Finally the studio announced that their Swedish star's next picture would be called *Inspiration*. It was a modern version of *Sappho*. Robert Montgomery was chosen as leading man. Clarence Brown was to direct it.

Before the picture was half finished Hollywood knew there was trouble brewing on the Garbo set. Such news leaked out through extras, electricians, prop boys, and other members of the cast.

"Clarence Brown and Garbo are having words!"

"Garbo may not finish the picture!"

"Garbo may break her contract and go back to Sweden!"

"Garbo refused to do a scene as Brown directed!"

Sorensen had told me that Garbo did not like Brown's direction. She called him "old-fashioned." She had declared she would never make another picture under him. But *Inspiration* proved to be the fifth Garbo picture made under Clarence Brown.

Garbo apparently had decided that it was useless to struggle against the powers that be. When she started work on *Inspiration* she turned from a silent, moody Swede into a gay, rollicking good fellow, joking and laughing with everyone on the set. The other members of the cast watched in amazement, wondering what she would do next.

One day they were all set to make the scene where Garbo, dressed in a long trailing gown, walks across a dance floor up to a bar. Dozens

of extras were in place waiting for their cue. The great battery of klieg lights was turned on. Cameramen were stationed behind their cameras. Bells rang. Red lights flashed. The heavy doors of the soundproof stage closed. "Camera!" called the director.

While Garbo was picking her way across the crowded dance floor a clumsy extra stepped on her train. The star was stopped short with a jerk. Instead of facing the bungler with her withering look of silent scorn she simply laughed at him.

"Cut," shouted the director, and several yards of expensive film were thrown into the discard.

Finally *Inspiration* was finished. But Sorensen declared that Garbo's heart was not in the making of it.

Sorensen says the one picture Garbo would like to make more than any other is *Jeanne d' Arc*.

It is reported that Garbo's present contract expires sometime next year. Will she be allowed to make that picture before then?

For Garbo tells her friends that when her contract is terminated she will sign no other. She

will not bind herself to do anything anywhere. She intends to be a free spirit in every sense of the word.

She is tired of making pictures she does not want to do. She is a rich woman. She has all the fame and glory she wants.

She tells her friends that if ever the opportunity to make a fine picture or to create a fine stage rôle is offered her she wants to be free to accept it. The offer may come from Berlin, London, Paris, Hollywood. It makes no special difference to her from where it comes, if it is a call to her heart. And her friends say she has always longed to fulfil her great desire to go upon the stage—the longing that was interrupted when she left the Royal Dramatic School in Stockholm to become a protégée of Mauritz Stiller.

And Garbo would undoubtedly be a great sensation on the stage. People all over the world would flock to see her, no matter where she played.

When her contract here is finished it is to Sweden that she will return. And Garbo will return to her native land known all over the

world as one of the most famous women of her time and one of the world's great actresses.

As her friend Sorensen has said, she has shown the world that Swedes have beauty, romance, mystery: people quite different from the green Swedish yokels of the vaudeville stage who for so many years have made that country a laughing stock with their silly songs and rustic patter. Garbo has given the world a new interest in Sweden and its people.

More has been written about her than about the crowned heads of her native land. She has had more homage and adoration laid at her feet than any reigning queen of Sweden.

Her weekly salary of seven thousand five hundred dollars—more than a thousand dollars a day—stacks up handsomely with royal incomes.

What did that strange, awkward, unknown, poor little Greta Gustafsson have that in five short years has made her the famous, rich, alluring Greta Garbo of to-day?

Was it ambition, faith in herself, courage, a divine flame? If that riddle could be solved there

would soon be many other Greta Garbos populating the earth.

The world sees this strange, baffling, exotic girl flit across the screen portraying a sensuous, mysterious siren. She fits each rôle so perfectly that to the public Greta Garbo has become *the* sensuous, mysterious siren. They cannot imagine her a happy, wholesome girl who in reality prefers fresh air and sunlight to the perfumed boudoirs she lives in on the screen.

Her great artistry enables her to slip into any of the rôles she is called upon to play. Critics recognize her as one of the finest actresses of this or any other generation. And she is still very young. When her present contract terminates she will be only twenty-six years old.

And Garbo tells her friends that when this contract is ended she will build the home of her own that she pictures in her dreams.

She often talks about this dream home.

An hour's ride out of Stockholm, where an arm of the ocean cuts into the mainland, is a summer resort known as Märten. Like floating palaces, tiny islands dot the surface of this blue

water that nestles in the bay. Along the rocky shore and on these islands cling the beautiful summer homes of the rich folks of Sweden.

Some of these islands are so small that a dozen persons could scarcely find foothold on them. Others range in size from half a mile wide and two miles long to two and three miles wide and five and six miles long. It is on one of these wooded islands that Garbo wants to build her home.

Here she will have a little world all of her own. She often told Gustaf and Sigrid about the large flower gardens she would have. Of course, there will be bathing, with a private beach. There will be a swift motor boat to carry her to and from the mainland. There will be rowboats in which she can drift lazily over the clear water.

In Stockholm she will have an apartment always ready and waiting for her when she wants a bit of the gay life of the city.

No doubt Garbo will spend part of her time in Berlin, for that city holds many pleasant memories for her, and she has friends in the German capital.

But it will not be money that will then lure Garbo to make pictures—naturally she will receive a great deal of money because she is Garbo—but it will be the fact that she will be making pictures that she loves to make.

When Greta Gustafsson chose Garbo for her last name she did not know that she was choosing a Scandinavian name that meant mystery. A *garbon* in the Norwegian language is a mysterious sprite who comes out in the night to dance under the moonbeams. A *garbon* does not live in the tiresome workaday world. During the daytime it withdraws to its land of dreams. Only when the world is quiet does it come out to dance in the magic of the moon.

Garbo—like the true *garbon* that she is—will never be one of the tiresome workaday world. On her island in the sea that borders the Swedish shore she will retire to her land of dreams. There at night she will come out to walk with the other *garbons* on the moonlit shore.



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